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PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S MESSAGE to Congress on the state of the nation is a first-class report of an executive to a board of directors. It is clear and straightforward, in the best style of any of the President's documents, and—is lacking in vision and idealism. The President boasts not at all of his tremendous electoral success; when he refers to it he does so merely to assert that it is a verdict that the country "is determined to go forward," but that "it will have no pretenses" and "no vagaries." Unfortunately, to the President, who in his Labor Day speech asserted that the New England mill operatives ought to call themselves blessed because they were earning $14.95 a week, the country's "going forward" means merely business and material development. He makes many recommendations, most of which are tossed off with slight comment for the consideration of Congress. Some are routine; others, like the proposal for a national police bureau, are fraught with danger and carry the menace of further unnecessary concentration of power in Washington. Mr. Coolidge's approval of voluntary railway consolidations has helped to send railway securities sky-rocketing in Wall Street. Curiously, he looks upon the pending consolidations as altogether desirable—a complete break with the policy of the Roosevelt-Taft days—because he is convinced that it not only means "a greater element of competition as to service but it will afford economy in operation, greater stability in railway earnings, and more economical financing." He is not able to see that for the Government to amalgamate all the railroads would afford far greater economies and far better financing than is possible under private ownership.

ONE PASSAGE IN THE MESSAGE we notice with particular pleasure. It is that in which Mr. Coolidge warns our militant admirals and generals that he will take no stock, and he does not wish the country to take any stock, in the usual military alarums as to what other countries are doing in the way of armaments. "We shall do well," he says, "to be little impressed by such reports of such actions." Declaring that "this country has definitely relinquished the old standard of dealing with other countries by terror and force and is definitely committed to the new standard of dealing with them through friendship and understanding," he raps the generals and admirals over the fingers by saying: "This new policy should be constantly kept in mind by the guiding forces of army and navy." These are pleasant words. But they will be regarded as treason by our 100 per cent patriots who insist that we never did deal with other countries by the old standards of terror and force. To us this Presidential utterance will appear meaningless until we end the cruel and bloody Caribbean policy which has given the lie to the President in Haiti, Santo Domingo, Nicaragua, and other countries that have been the victims of our wanton aggression. Nor does the menacing plan of the navy bombastically to voyage to Australia and maneuver in Hawaiian waters at the very moment when our relations with Japan are so strained, make legal tender of the President's words. What has he to say to the words of our former ambassador to Japan, Mr. Cyrus E. Woods, who has just told the Federal Council of Churches that our anti-Japanese legislation was "an international disaster of the first magnitude, a disaster to American diplomacy in the Far East, a disaster to religion"?

WE ARE ALSO IN COMPLETE SYMPATHY with the President's traveling to Chicago and back in an ordinary Pullman. Anything that will tend to democratize the office of the President and to strip it of some of the attributes of royalty which have been attached to it in the last twenty years deserves the heartiest praise. The Presidency was meant to be an office to which a Cincinnatus should go from the plow to return to the plow; there is still no finer picture in American history than Thomas Jefferson, riding unattended into Washington for his inauguration and hitching his steed to a post. Mr. Coolidge has plenty of opportunity in the Presidential office for practicing the excellent doctrine of economy which he is preaching, and for putting the service of the White House on a completely honest basis. Unless things have changed lately, various White House employees such as the first secretary to the President's wife are carried on the rolls of other departments as clerks, etc. Thus the yacht Mayflower, on which the President cruises, is, we believe, still carried as a cruiser in the navy, although its chief function is serving

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as a pleasant place to give tea dances. If the President should have a yacht devoted to these valuable functions it should be so designated by Congress, and the men should be specially enlisted, not taken from the strength of the navy. The more that Mr. Coolidge deflates the Presidency, and cuts down officials and waste in the White House, the greater will the office really bulk in the eyes of the world.

GERMANY IS MOVING BACK to the center. In spite of Nationalist gains preventing a clear moderate majority in the new Reichstag, the Socialists have added at least thirty seats, probably enough to keep the Nationalists out of the Ministry; the heavy loss of votes at the extreme Right and the extreme Left will practically eliminate anti-Dawes Plan, anti-Republican influences. The most striking returns come from Bavaria, where the Right suffered a loss of nearly 75 per cent of its strength and the Socialists gained 50 per cent. The election results may cause parliamentary difficulties but they show unmistakably the trend of public feeling in Germany. Hard times drive people to political extremes. Bolshevism and Fascism thrive amid economic chaos. Peace and relative comfort bring new strength to the parties of evolution. Political prophets foretold the moderate victories from such encouraging figures as the following, of bank deposits in Berlin:

	Long-term deposits	*Short-term deposits*
	gold marks	
January	1,300,000	12,800,000
February	2,000,000	14,900,000
March	2,850,000	24,000,000
April	3,400,000	19,000,000
May	4,700,000	25,000,000
June	5,700,000	29,000,000
July	6,500,000	27,000,000
August	7,400,000	28,000,000

HERRIOT HAS ADDED to his good name by agreeing in behalf of France to submit the vexed question of the "free zones" on the Swiss border to the World Court. This is a sensible and an honorable decision. Readers of *The Nation* will recall the distressing attitude of previous French governments. Old traditions and century-old treaties bound France to an annoying system of tariff regulation on the border near Geneva. The custom-houses were well back of the frontier, and the border zone received Swiss products duty free. The Treaty of Versailles, to which Switzerland was not a party, arbitrarily declared these stipulations "no longer consistent with present conditions," and besought France and Switzerland to negotiate a new agreement. This they endeavored to do, but while Switzerland was ready to assent to the deneutralization of the border provinces and to other limitations of her treaty rights France asked total abrogation of all the reservations upon her sovereignty. Finally, no common agreement being reached, Poincaré, then Prime Minister of France, took the law in his own hands and moved the custom-houses to the frontier. Against this high-handed violation of treaty rights the Swiss Federal Council protested, but in vain. Now a compromise has been reached—the terms are printed in our this week's International Relations Section—and resort is had to arbitration. It is a practical expression of international good faith which the world will welcome.

AT HOME HERRIOT has loudly and heroically stifled a Communist revolution. It reminds us of the days when Mr. Palmer suppressed a revolution or two every morning before breakfast. So far as we can judge from the newspaper dispatches this particular uprising consists chiefly in a strike by the sardine-packers of Douarnenez, a town in Brittany which in 1920 had a total population of 10,000. This metropolis had a Communist mayor, and when the prefect of his department told him to stop the strike—the strikers were paid ten cents an hour—he wound the flag of France about his waist and went out to join the strikers on the picket-line. Other reports indicate that the Communists have been holding meetings and preaching revolution—which is hardly news. The other leading evidence of the Communist revolution in France is the return of Jacques Sadoul.

CAPTAIN SADOUL, a mild young school-teacher, was sent to Russia by the French Minister of Munitions in 1917. When the revolution came he discovered that he liked the Bolsheviks, and he refused to assist the French Ambassador in his attempts to organize military intervention. Instead, he persistently wrote letters to French politicians telling them that the Soviets would last. A year or two later, after his letters had found their way into print, a French court-martial amused itself by trying him *in absentia* on a charge of desertion, and sentenced him to death. Sadoul remained comfortably in Russia. A week or two ago he returned to France and telephoned to the police please to come and arrest him. That they did—and the boulevard press, to cover up its embarrassment at the necessity of arresting so pleasant a young man, began to howl about the Communist danger. Herriot, whose political position has been weakening, saw his cue. Whether there was a Communist menace or not, he would suppress it and win the laurels of the press. That he has done, and bravely: he has removed the mayor of Douarnenez from his office; he has broken up meetings, denounced Sadoul, and finally has deported a few score foreign workmen. Thus not only France, but M. Herriot's job as premier, is saved.

OTHER SIGNS reveal that M. Herriot is about to tread the well-worn path followed by Briand, Millerand, Viviani, and so many other French statesmen who began their political careers as radicals and ended them as reactionary office-holders. With Ramsay MacDonald out of power in England Herriot's liberal foreign policy was left high and dry, and Austen Chamberlain seems to have had no difficulty in persuading him to make a right-about-face and to join the British Tories in a career of empire. He is reported to have renewed the Franco-British agreement of 1905 (one of the first steps in the policy which made the European war inevitable), agreeing to give England a free hand in suppressing Egypt in return for England's support in the expansion of the French empire in Morocco. The Berbers of the Riff have thrown off the Spanish yoke, but they are not to be left to independence. France, in the holy name of "law and order," will step in, and add what was Spanish Morocco to her vast African empire. England will aid and abet. Plans for peace are jettisoned; and if the League or any other agency attempts to interfere with this program of conquest these two noble Powers will support each other in their aggression. It is a sorry deal, of which both countries will be ashamed.

CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE, "sentinels of the republic," "woman patriots," and "defense societies" are mobilizing to stop the passage of the child-labor amendment. Let us make no mistake: These are the black hun-

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dreds of American reaction, men and women who have proved their scorn for the liberties guaranteed in the American Constitution but today take its name in vain. In the name of freedom and of the Constitution they would stop the federal amendment granting Congress the power to stop child labor. In their furious stand-pattism they distort facts, create false bogies, invent red perils. Nor can we solace ourselves with the belief that, because they have lost the power they once had to hound the police into arresting innocent men by the thousand, they are today harmless. They have not lost the power to frighten. Here is a simple amendment enabling Congress to adopt legislation protecting children. A few years ago State legislatures would have rushed to demonstrate their readiness to support such legislation. Today the apostles of fear have raised vague, enervating doubts—the absurd but effective bogy of federal regulation of the home, the irrelevant lie of nationalization of children, the outgrown shibboleth of State rights. And these fears disturb minds which are not touched by the sordid interest of the real inspirers of the opposition—manufacturers who would employ children—and retard the progress of a reform which would seem to be typically American.

NOW THAT EVERYBODY ELSE in the world has called the Russian Communists names, George Bernard Shaw has decided to do it too. But he has thought of new names, and we have a suspicion that they will penetrate several inches deeper into Russian sensibilities than all the opprobrium of all the Churchills and Hugheses and Poincarés in the world. Mr. Shaw discusses Mr. Zinoviev's "cinematographic schoolboy nonsense"—not in connection with the famous letter but with the constitution of the Third International, whose "bourgeois idealism" and "childish inexperience of men and affairs" shock Mr. Shaw profoundly. He says that modern socialism has left Karl Marx as far behind as science has left Moses. Mr. Shaw urges the Soviet Government to wake up "unless it wishes to become the main bulwark of capitalist imperialism in Europe and America," and he blandly charges the Third International with wrecking the British general election in the capitalist interest and thereby making "the Sudan a present to the British Empire and the River Nile a present to the Sudan plantations syndicate." There is enough stinging truth in every wrong thing Mr. Shaw says to hurt the feelings of any intelligent Communist.

WHEN WE AMERICANS want a change in the cost of living or the price of wheat we grumble and make speeches and then eventually go out and vote about it. We vote Mr. Taft out of office or Mr. Coolidge in, according to rather vague feelings of discomfort or security. We still believe in sudden shifts which will make us rich and powerful and better than our neighbors. So we jump into one briar-bush after another, but never, it seems, do we manage to scratch our eyes in again. Which explains, philosophically, why Europeans have developed the cooperative movement to heights of success and mutual benefit beyond the dreams of all but a few of the 100,000,000 people in this country. Cooperation demands vision and intelligence; it offers no opportunity for competition or dizzy individual success. Europe has come to it through generations of patience and hard work. A recent report by Huston Thompson, chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, and William Notz, of the Department of Commerce, written after a summer's investigation, estimates that some 120,000,000 persons are linked to the cooperative movement in all parts of the world; in England and Germany nearly half the population is affiliated with cooperative societies. The farmers of Finland and Denmark and Holland and Ireland are solidly and prosperously organized. In Czecho-Slovakia about 8,000,000 people are cooperators. On another page of this issue Agnes D. Warbasse describes some encouraging enterprises in this country. When cooperation in Europe is considered the United States is nowhere. But we have made a beginning.

MORE PASSPORTS! That is the cheerful prospect that the Secretary of Labor holds out to a public already too much inconvenienced and restricted in its natural right to move about the world as it pleases. Not only more passports but thousands of miles of new frontiers and walls of restriction to interrupt existing free and friendly intercourse. For that would be the practical result of Mr. Davis's recommendation to extend the immigration-quota law to the nations of North and South America. Mr. Davis does not pretend that immigration from Canada and Latin America is a menace, but he imagines that the extension of the quota system would prevent what he calls the bootlegging of aliens over the Canadian and Mexican borders. In fact it would probably be as ineffective in that respect as is the Volstead law to stop bootlegging in liquor, while thousands of persons would be inconvenienced by the inevitable requirement of passports. Even worse, although less immediately apparent, would be the handicap to the natural economic and social development of the North American continent as a whole. The natural lines of commerce and travel in North America, like the rivers and mountains, run north and south. At a moment when we are beginning to accept this fact Mr. Davis suggests new political barriers. His ideal for our country seems to be a system of barricades beside which the barbed-wire entanglements of the war were nothing.

CAN THE AUTOMOBILE SUBDUE the desert? We shall soon see, for the French are making what amounts to a mass attack upon the Sahara. Four expeditions have started or are about to start which among them will attempt the loneliest and most difficult reaches of this great expanse. The first expedition, using caterpillar wheels, is working its way from Algeria toward the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, and thence through Abyssinia to French Somaliland. Another party under Marshal Franchet d'Esperey, governor of Algeria, is heading south into Dahomey, using six-wheeled cars in order to test their usefulness for such travel. A third journey will be made in ordinary touring cars, but west to east from French Guinea to French Somaliland, while the fourth expedition will attempt to map a route for an airplane line from Tunis to the heart of French equatorial Africa. On top of all this we are not surprised to find that it is proposed to start a line of sightseeing automobiles across the Sahara in January, with a semi-weekly service. The project is fathered by André Citroen, manufacturer of the "French Ford." It is proposed to make the trip of some 1,500 miles in nine days, establishing hotels where necessary along the route. Three types of conveyance will be used: caterpillar-wheeled cars, ordinary automobiles, motor boats. "Native jazz bands and other entertainments" are promised along the way.

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Muscle Shoals—Ours

"IF I were greedy for power over my fellow-men I would rather control Muscle Shoals than to be continuously elected President of the United States." So Newton D. Baker, the Secretary of War under whom the power project was begun, wrote last spring to the Committee on Agriculture of the Senate. This enormous power was nearly sold for a song to Henry Ford at the last session of Congress. The House passed a bill to that end, and there was strong sentiment in the Senate for similar action. Fortunately Senator Norris induced the Committee on Agriculture to favor instead a continuance of government control, but the danger of selling a national birthright for a mess of nitrate was not averted until Ford himself withdrew his offer.

Nor was it more than temporarily averted then. There were three detailed offers before Congress last winter besides that of Ford. Ford's offer was, in fact, the poorest of the lot, although it carried the most prestige because of the myth which had set up the auto-maker not only as an industrial superman but as a philanthropist to whom almost any power might safely be intrusted. The three other offers have not been withdrawn, and an effort is being made to induce the present session of Congress to turn over to private control the great power development in northern Alabama. But it is predicted in Washington that the offers will not again be pressed in competition with one another but will be superseded by an amalgamated plan having certain definite farmer support and strong business backing.

We are not especially interested in the details of this possible new plan or in the features of any of the old ones. We think it beside the point to contrast them, for one can be better than another only in that it offers a little more money—soon spent and forgotten—or a little more possibility of regulating a power so vast and vital that its complete control ought always and indisputably to be vested in the public. Let it not be forgotten that such control *is* vested in the public now. The problem is not like that of the railroads. There is no proposal that the nation buy at a huge outlay and plunge into the operation of a great privately owned industry. The nation *owns* Muscle Shoals. The question that it faces is the maintenance of that ownership and the gradual conversion and transmission of power, with plenty of time to work out a policy and a personnel as the size and importance of the project increases. It can sell out at any future date if it wants to, but it is safe to say that if it waits twenty years it would no sooner think of selling something of such paramount national interest than it would think today of selling the Panama Canal. On the other hand, if it sells Muscle Shoals now, Congress will within twenty years have to meet an insistent demand to buy it back at enormous expense and difficulty. Let us remember that we are now trying to recover two great oil basins that were too lightly disposed of.

The comparison with the Panama Canal is a good one. The public is still too little informed as to what Muscle Shoals actually is and can be. The power development there was begun in war time to furnish nitrates for making munitions. After the armistice the notion was spread that Muscle Shoals had lost its value and should be sold like our wooden ships for whatever it would bring. Ford's offer cleared away a little of that mist, for the public knows that Henry Ford is not collecting a menagerie of white elephants. But Ford put his emphasis entirely on producing cheap fertilizer for the farmer and so obscured the immensely more important facts about Muscle Shoals as a source of electric power for half of the United States.

Muscle Shoals is probably our greatest single water power. There is a drop in the Tennessee River at that point of 130 feet in thirty miles. The dam is 5,000 feet in length, or nearly a mile, impounding an estimated horse power of 850,000. Less than an eighth of this is needed to manufacture the amount of fertilizer promised by Ford.

The power has a transmission radius of 500 miles and an incalculable bearing not only upon the future evolution of all of the Southeastern section of the United States but upon virtually all of the country east of the Mississippi River except New England. The power at Muscle Shoals is far too great for any one State to use or control. It is the king-pin in the forthcoming development of electrified industry. It is fully comparable to the Panama Canal in its national significance and its possibilities of commercial revolution. To quote Newton D. Baker again:

> To grant Muscle Shoals to any individual or company for a hundred years, or even fifty years, grants to such company or individual industrial dominance for that period of the whole Southeastern portion of our country. . . . All the figures one sees about the gifts in present values in money to Mr. Ford or other proposed lessees are trifling as compared with the growing value of the industrial power that any such lease necessarily entails. . . . I am therefore clearly of the belief that Congress should retain Muscle Shoals, provide for its operation directly by the corps of engineers of the army or by a public corporation analogous to the Panama Railroad Company, and through such operation deal with the power produced in the mass, without entering into retail operation. By so doing the public interest, which we now see to be large, will be continuously served, and as the importance of this power source grows the hand of the Government will be free to make it continuously serviceable in the highest degree as the changing public interest demands.

The chief of engineers of the army has just reported that current expenditures at Muscle Shoals are at the rate of about $800,000 a month and that the electric-power and nitrate plants will be completed by next October but could be hurried through so as to be ready by July 1. More than $150,000,000 will probably have been expended upon Muscle Shoals by the time the work is done. There will be a tremendous drive upon the present Congress to turn this enormous undertaking, with its still greater potentialities, over to some private financial group to exploit for its own profit. Only a determined show of popular opposition can prevent this tragedy and this betrayal. *The Nation* has pointed out several times within recent months the striking economies and benefits that have been obtained in the province of Ontario through the public development and sale of power from Niagara Falls. Mr. Underwood's bill—supported by President Coolidge—to deliver Muscle Shoals into private hands under a fifty-year lease would tie it up for too long a period. Senator Norris has a better plan for continued government ownership, with the option of operation by the government or by private agency under government control.

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Britain and Our Reparations

WHAT is behind the mist of talk about inter-Allied debts and debt settlements, sequestrated private property, reparation claims, which has been blowing through the press? This: The United States has claims against Germany arising out of injuries sustained by American citizens during the war; these claims, now being settled by the Mixed Claims Commission in Washington, will, it is estimated, amount to about $250,000,000. The Treaty of Versailles required Germany to make compensation for such war losses sustained by citizens of the Allied and Associated Powers, and the United States duly claimed them from Germany in the separate Treaty of Berlin. The Dawes Report, for the execution of which the Allies rely strongly on the United States, provided that the reparation claims of "the Allied and Associated Powers" shall be paid out of the so-called Dawes bonds and annuities. The United States asked its share of these reparation bonds at the conference, called in Paris in November, to distribute the bonds among the Allied and Associated Powers. Allied diplomacy, however, seemed to assume that the United States was merely a tool for the accomplishment of Allied policies and that our rights were concessions grantable by the Allies, for which we must pay.

When the United States in Paris asserted its claim to participate in the Dawes bonds, as the Dawes Report provided and required, to the extent of the $250,000,000 necessary to satisfy our pecuniary claims for war losses, we were told by France that our claim could not be granted because we had not signed the Treaty of Versailles and because France had been required to reduce her claims on Germany. She set a price on her consent which we evidently have had to pay, namely, a material concession on the French debt and support of French loans in the American money market.

The British delegate at the conference professed a lack of instructions, a clear indication that Great Britain opposed and would resist our just claim. The British moved for an adjournment of the conference until January, by which time the British Government doubtless will disclose the price it will require for its consent to our claims. This price has already been indicated by Mr. Winston Churchill: Britain will contend we should wait for our claims until the Allies have been paid off or else confiscate the sequestrated private property in the hands of the Alien Property Custodian in Washington, as England has disgracefully done; and finally, that Britain wants the same concession on her debt to the United States as France obtains.

Britain is playing for big stakes. Knowing the disposition of Congress to return the sequestrated private property, the retention of which constitutes an ineffaceable blot on our national history, she hopes to induce the Department of State to prevent Congress from returning it and perhaps eventually to confiscate it, thus putting us in the same evil boat with Great Britain. Moreover, should we return the property, the British Government realizes that the prestige for financial integrity thus gained by us will reflect on Great Britain and will stimulate the forces in England that are disgusted with the British policy of confiscating private property and are demanding that the expropriated owners, to save England's reputation, be compensated. If she cannot succeed in bringing about the confiscation of the property, for which England has labored unremittingly, she hopes to get the alternative advantage of a further remission in her debt to the United States.

All the world but Great Britain has admitted our rights, though France demanded a price for the "concession." We should not permit Great Britain further to debauch our foreign policy. Even according to the Knox-Porter Resolution, although it violated a basic American tradition by authorizing the retention of the private property until Germany had made "suitable provision for the satisfaction of" the claims of American citizens, the sequestrated private property, including compensation for the requisitioned ships, should now be returned to its owners. Judge Meares, formerly counsel in the office of the Alien Property Custodian, in a booklet just published under the title "The Confiscation Fact," has pointed out how the congressional policy of "conservation" of the property has been distorted and abused by Messrs. Palmer and Garvan into a policy of "confiscation." The Chemical Foundation transaction smells to Heaven, and should result in an indictment of the participating officials. Germany has now made "suitable provision for the satisfaction of" the claims of American citizens, by handing over to the Allied and Associated Powers for distribution among themselves 10 billion marks of railroad and 5 billion marks of industrial bonds. If the United States, through British recalcitrance or its own ineptitude, is unable to obtain its share of the bonds, the responsibility is not Germany's nor that of German citizens who own private property in the United States. This seems elementary. Congress has always had power to return the property, without waiting on the indulgence of the Secretary of State; and even he must now recognize that the condition precedent of the Knox-Porter Resolution, on which, contrary to all American traditions, he seems to have insisted, has now been performed.

International Literature

THE man who likes to imagine a world in which ideas are as easily and conveniently exchanged as coffee or tea or gold, a world over which literary currents flow uninterrupted by ignorance or accident or ill-will, will be particularly pained when he looks about him today. He will find remarkably few facilities for the free movement of books between nations in the West—the East he has doubtless given up long ago as hopeless—and such instances of international vogue among authors as he observes he will perhaps set down to the operation of chance. The news that Upton Sinclair is being hailed by critics in Soviet Russia as the writer of the future, the person whose method and subject-matter best reveal the tendencies which literature in the next century or so must logically follow, may be welcome to him; but he will at once begin to wonder how many other authors might have become influential abroad through the efforts of what he might call a Western clearing-house of literature. It was only by a similar accident a few years ago—perhaps it is true yet—that Ralph Waldo Trine took Europe by storm. And evidently it is an accident again that the publication this year in New York of Wladislaw Reymont's masterpiece coincides with the announcement that this Polish genius has been awarded the Nobel Prize in literature. The clearing-house is far away.

If pessimism on this point cannot be cured by argu-

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ments showing the practical difficulties in the way—the expense, for instance, the waste of effort over books which literary officials might be wrong in deciding to promote abroad, and the increase in what is already too much printed matter—it may be soothed at least by a glance at the past. There is reason for believing that conditions are no worse and no better than they ever have been. The literary boundaries between nations have periodically been broken, and quite conceivably this has happened as often as there was any occasion for it. A great many elements in what is often supposed today to have been a purely national literature, the Greek, can be accounted for only by the fact of ideas infiltrated from the East. A Roman citizen in the time of Augustus read more Greek books, perhaps, than Roman; Greek meters were borrowed by Horace for his poems, and Virgil was indebted both to Homer and to the Hebrews. In the Middle Ages the use of Latin as a literary language brought it about that universities addressed more completely international audiences than have ever since assembled, and upon all subjects of large scope there was virtually no such thing as national expression. Exactly what was the nationality of Augustine, of Boethius, of Thomas Aquinas, of Abelard? The average layman would have to seize an encyclopedia to find out. Even fiction was international. Beowulf was not an English hero. Was Siegfried Scandinavian or German, and if Scandinavian what one of three countries did he start from? Parsifal was sometimes Percival, and Tristram belonged to all of Europe.

With the invention of printing and the development of the vernaculars there came a certain change, and yet the amount of that change should not be overestimated. From the beginning until now there have been periods of great intimacy between nations, and it is unlikely that accident or caprice was responsible; minds inevitably ran together. Elizabethan England became intoxicated with Renaissance Italy, and Shakespeare had access to Bandello as Chaucer had had to Boccaccio. A century later it was France which was educating England; a student of the Restoration must know Molière almost as well as he knows Dryden. And in the eighteenth century France returned the compliment. Voltaire had much to do with this—his "Philosophical Letters" came out in London a year before they did in Paris; and later on Frenchmen were accepting as classics the works of Locke, Pope, Thomson, Richardson, and Sterne. Still another century, and England was opening herself to Germany; Goethe and Carlyle corresponded, and Coleridge disseminated with all his might metaphysical doctrines which reached him from across the Rhine. Bernard Shaw is almost more potent today in Germany than he is at home, and Anatole France is the possession of everybody. British and American fiction can often be traced to a source in France or Russia, and Mr. Mencken in America can really be understood only by reference to Shaw, Butler, Nietzsche, and Schopenhauer.

No one could refrain from wishing that publishers and critics were more internationally educated than they are, and that good translators—for they are rare—abounded. On the other hand, it is hard to believe that an author in any country who deserves to be heard in another will not somehow get heard. In the long run there has been no difficulty in the case of Shakespeare or Molière or Voltaire or Goethe or Anatole France. The trouble may be that there are few such men.

Albert De Silver

TO write of one who was as close to the staff of *The Nation* as Albert De Silver is hard. He was one of its directors; he wrote many unsigned editorials; hardly a legal topic passed under review without the benefit of his balanced and suggestive mind; but more than all these, he was one of our closest friends.

Albert De Silver was in a sense a product of the war. He was born to comfort and position; he was a clubman at Yale; when the war darkened the horizon he was well along on the road to a conventional lawyer's career. From the beginning the violent partisanships of the war disturbed that cool passion for fairness which was perhaps his most individual characteristic. He always believed that there was another side, and he wanted to hear it. When the hot temper of 1917 began to stifle civil liberty in America he stepped out of his path to defend it. Friends marveled at the bold progress of what was by training a conservative mind. It was with amazement that, one day when war intolerance was at its fever heat, they saw his name appended to an advertisement asking funds for the defense of the imprisoned members of the I. W. W.

"So you've turned I. W. W.," more than one said.

"Not on your life," he would reply; "but I want to see those boys get a chance, and they aren't getting it."

When Roger Baldwin, director of the American Civil Liberties Union, went to jail in 1918 Albert De Silver gave up his law practice and stepped into Baldwin's place. "Someone had to do it," he explained. When Baldwin came out of prison there was work for two and double work for a lawyer. De Silver continued.

"You get me wrong," he used to say to friends with whom he was associated in this work. "I'm not a radical. I don't know whether there is anything in your ideas or not. Only, I think you ought to have a chance to express them. We can't get on without that."

Conservatives too appreciated his clear mind and good humor. Few men who played so prominent a part in the free-speech fight retained—and made—such warm friendships among those whom they had to combat. Recognition of his balance and integrity made him chairman of the legislative committee of the City Club of New York.

In a nation of partisans and in an age of intolerance a personality like Albert De Silver's is rare and can ill be spared. His passion for justice was almost abstract; it held for enemies as well as friends. His restless curiosity was not to be stilled by the easy acceptances of any party or cause. He was beyond the reach of the various forms of hysteria that have muddled the minds of so many Americans, and he deliberately turned out of all the ruts.

When the persecutions died down he gave up his desk in the civil-liberties office. But by that time the ordinary practice of commercial law had come to seem an uninteresting thing, hardly worth the devotion of a venturesome intelligence. "I don't see why I should give my life to a thing I am not interested in," he said. "Fortunately, I don't have to. I'll find something which means more." He set out deliberately to reeducate himself, turning in his search for a firm foundation for his thought to chemistry. His critical mind never disturbed his sunny temper. He was still cheerfully searching when the train lurched on December 7 and he plunged to instant death.

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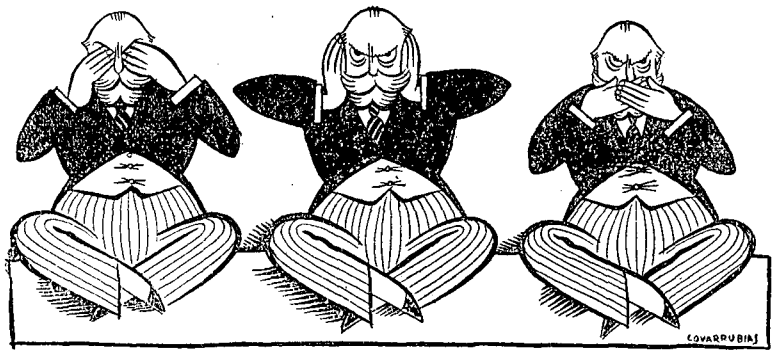
Soviet Georgia's Little Revolution

By LOUIS FISCHER

Tiflis, Soviet Republic of Georgia, November 1

LITTLE Georgia, mountainous, wine-drinking, the cradle of the Caucasian race if we are to believe the omniscient ethnographers, today furnishes an indispensable object lesson in the science of revolution. The recent uprising in Georgia, which the League of Nations dignified with its attention, was the inevitable result of an attempt to develop a Communist or Soviet system on a country which had not, like Russia proper, gone through the preliminary purgatory of a revolution. For Georgia, it may be recalled, passed directly from capitalism under the Mensheviks to the New Economic Policy under the Bolsheviks without the intervening period of military communism which in Russia made possible stable politics under NEP economics.



From the *Pravda* (Moscow)

Mr. Hughes and His Russian Policy

To the student of revolution and of social movements Georgia is a revelation. Its history since 1917 and its present give him a partial or perhaps complete answer to the much-mooted question: Can England, can Germany evolve peacefully toward socialism? Can a labor government legislate the cooperative commonwealth into being? Or must the life of the land first be turned inside out and upside down by a revolution?

Soon after the power of the Czar collapsed, the Mensheviks set up a government in Georgia. In its early age the troops of the Imperial German Kaiser were its foster father; in its old age it was watched over by well-meaning British Tommies acting on behalf of Mr. Churchill and Lord Curzon, who have always evinced a peculiar interest in Baku and its oil-fields and in the great Baku-Batum pipe line, which cuts through the heart of the Georgian republic.

Meanwhile the Mensheviks were sending punitive expeditions to crush their restive national minorities, the Ossetinians, Adjarians, and Abkhazians. Unable to restrain the peculiar nationalistic ardor which distinguishes them, they engaged in petty wars with their neighbors, Armenia and Azerbaijan. By that time Moscow had rid itself of civil war. Wrangel was in Constantinople and the Poles were back within their swollen frontiers. It was then that Sirgo Ordjenekidze and his troops went to support the Georgian Communists and sweep the Mensheviks out of Tiflis, Batum, and Poti, out of Kakhatia, Mingrelia, and Svanetia. He led the Red army over impossible mountain passes, meeting with no resistance until within sight of Tiflis, where ex-Czarist officers made a futile stand. In February, 1921, Georgia had turned Bolshevik. The Menshevik leaders simply fled to Paris and Berlin, taking art and museum treasures with them.

For a week the mass of the people in the cities, which for Georgia with a proletariat of scant 90,000 means the bourgeoisie, hid at home awaiting the developments which had ruined the Russian bourgeoisie. But none came. Slowly they reappeared on the streets. They wore the clothes of yore and the diamonds. They flashed their evening dresses at the theater and opera. The Bolsheviks instituted no Red Terror in Georgia and no sudden expropriation of the propertied classes.

Revolutionary measures which were the first acts of the Bolsheviks in the Smolny and Kremlin are only now being ventured in Georgia. The Singer Sewing Machine Company was nationalized by the Russian Government early in 1918, by the Georgian Government late in 1923. The Tchiaturi manganese deposits, deposits on which the American steel industry is largely dependent and for which, therefore, W. A. Harriman is now bidding, are still worked by their prewar owners, the only instance of such leniency in all the Soviet Union, with the possible exception of some minor enterprises not known to the writer. Even the land reform in Georgia waited until 1923.

During the period of military communism in Russia the bourgeoisie was crushed. The war-weary soldiers had no sooner bolted from the Eastern front than they dispossessed the rich landowners, sometimes destroying their fine homes, often driving them from the neighborhood. The land barons and the nobility lost their wealth, their social position, not too seldom their lives. Many fought and died in the prolonged civil war through which Russia passed. Many, forced to go into exile, are now waiters and chauffeurs and unofficial advisers of foreign offices in the capitals of Europe. In fine, the effect of the upheaval in Russia was the extinction as a class of the landed bourgeoisie, and certainly, since private trade was outlawed for three years, of the city bourgeoisie. When the NEP came, the NEP which at least for some years after its promulgation in 1921 was a license to live to the bourgeoisie, the Bolsheviks had to deal with a new bourgeoisie without traditions and without roots. Experience shows that the task of combating such a deracinated bourgeoisie is, relatively at least, not difficult, though it is not always altogether pleasant or advisable.

The picture in Georgia is different. The land-owning classes did not emigrate. The rural princes—and owing to peculiar circumstances they constitute 6 per cent of Georgia's population of 2,400,000—were never violently expropriated and never forced to move from their premises. It is true that when the Bolsheviks finally redistributed

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the country's meager land resources the holdings of the princes and nobles suffered serious diminution; nevertheless, they managed in many cases to maintain an economic superiority owing to retention of their live and dead agricultural stock and of their personal property.

The landed families which were not banished from their homes in Russia have forever renounced any pretensions to their former greatness. They have been forced out of their class and into the peasant class. But in Georgia they remained a compact and rather large nucleus of disaffection. It matters little that some of the princes have become paupers. Without years of civil war and of active communism to shake the foundations of their existence and to impress them with their own futility, they remain imbued with a sense of class solidarity, cherishing the hope of rehabilitation.

So also the urban bourgeoisie. Tiflis store windows were never boarded up as were those of Petrograd and Moscow. The luxury shops, the pastry parlors, the dispensers of fancy French perfumes, all private of course, operate in 1924 as they did in 1914. The bourgeoisie remains intact. More than that, it has gained in confidence and arrogance. The Communists have not dared lay hands on them.

Only in one respect did the Georgian Bolsheviks follow the radical road. They went the limit in the anti-religious campaign, closing every church in whole provinces and continuing atheistic street demonstrations long after Moscow had grown wiser. They justified the policy by submitting, what is true, that the average Georgian is less devout than the average Russian, yet they overstepped the mark, and today Ordjenekidze, the "big chief" in the Tiflis Government, is sounding the retreat. "To say that the peasantry does not want its churches," he tells a party conference, "is self-deception."

Georgia joins Armenia and Azerbaijan to form the Trans-Caucasian Federation, which federation plus Great Russia plus White Russia plus the Ukraine constitutes the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics (USSR). Officially, and in many respects actually, an autonomous republic, Georgia, sometimes with grace and sometimes without, usually takes the cue from Moscow. One marvels at the authority of the Kremlin. Its finger is as clear in Baku and Batum as in the very streets of Moscow. Now, when the intensive anti-NEP, anti-bourgeois crusade commenced a year or more ago, Tiflis followed suit, albeit with much caution. But whereas in Moscow the Nepmen merely complain meekly of their sad lot, Georgian merchants became the active supporters or passive sympathizers of the revolt.

Thus the tradespeople joined the princes and priests to form the backbone of the insurrection. Few workers joined the ranks. In fact the proletariat of Batum and Poti and Scharipan suppressed the trouble without the aid of the military. It was a tiny affair, the insurrection. At its climax it had mobilized no more than 4,000 persons. Some of these were peasants who jumped on to the bandwagon when the Mensheviks held Tchiaturi (population 13,000) for ten hours, and Novo Senaki (population 5,000) for two days. The Georgian peasants have as many good reasons to grumble as have the Russian. Nevertheless, most of the peasants turned a deaf ear to the Mensheviks; some, as in the province of Kakhetia, reacted toward the insurrection by driving the princes out of their villages. Still others, however, plain peasants whose condition was steadily yet only slowly improving were the victims of princely agitation and provocation. How natural this in a land where the nobles have not lost their prestige, which only recently shed its feudalism, and where, until several decades ago, the peasantry submitted to the exercise by the princes of the *jus primae noctis*. The relation between the peasants and the princes in certain sections of the country is closer than that which the Communists have succeeded in setting up. Therefore the non-bourgeois peasants struck with the bourgeoisie.

The insurrection was inspired and organized by the Mensheviks who live in Paris. Georgian Menshevism, it should be understood, is not the Menshevism of Martov, whom Lenin loved, nor even of Abramovitch. It has no kinship with socialism. It is tantamount to anti-Bolshevism. The Mensheviks who precipitated this revolt received foreign financial aid. A member of their own Central Committee, arrested by the Cheka, confessed the fact in testimony which lies before me. They were promised that if they succeeded in holding power for three or four days British and French vessels would land troops in Black Sea ports and march to their support. I spoke to young men in western Georgia, men who had carried arms with the Mensheviks, who wondered why America had not sent tanks. These innocents had been drugged into believing that the Powers would aid their efforts. And not without reason did they believe so. Had not Doumergue received with pomp and music the "Georgian ambassador to France," Tchenkelli, the Parisian copy of Bakhmetiev? Had not Herriot received Tseretelli, a member of the Menshevik cabinet? Had not MacDonald seen Tseretelli shortly before the rising? And did not MacDonald and Herriot support the Georgian Mensheviks at the recent meeting of the League of Nations? I think it can be stated categorically that the insurrection would not have occurred but for the encouragement which the Mensheviks got from abroad.

The Mensheviks exploited the exaggerated nationalism of the Georgians. The Georgians are an excessively proud race, and Czarist attempts at Russification only fostered the spirit. Menshevism urges the slogan of national independence. But history has proved that an "independent" Menshevik Georgia was first a colony of Imperial Germany and then of the British Empire. Georgia is too weak and too attractive to stand alone. It commands the road to the oil of Baku, Persia, and Afghanistan. It has the coveted manganese. With Georgia in British hands Russia's passive threat to India and Russia's possession of the Caucasus would cease. Georgia's choice lay and lies between British imperialism via Menshevism and Soviet Russia. It is interesting that the League of Nations lent its influence to the former.

Was it an insurrection for national liberation from foreign domination, the domination of Russia, or was it part of a scheme to destroy the Soviet regime in all of Russia? Between 1918 and 1921 the Menshevik Government in Tiflis fought the Armenians and the Turks in Azerbaijan; they burned the villages of the Ossetinians and cruelly oppressed the Abkhazians. Now they parade in the name of the rights of national minorities. Be that as it may, what was the prime object of the Georgian Mensheviks? Before me is a letter written by Noi Jordani, president of Menshevik Georgia, and intercepted by the Cheka. He outlines his plan to his comrades. First Daghestan is to revolt. Then Azerbaijan and the Mountain Republic

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centering around Vladikavkaz. Finally Georgia. With the Caucasus thus detached from Russia they could prepare the downfall of Bolshevism. This is the "oil state" of which French papers wrote and which, it was suggested, would be under the aegis of the League.

There was a military program. On such and such a day Baku was to be taken. On that day the Social Democrat and emigrant press of Europe reported that Baku had been taken. Daghestan was to hoist the White Guard flag on Wednesday. On Thursday the anti-Bolshevik papers knew from "special dispatches" that the Soviet republic of Daghestan had been smashed. Though the entire affair was liquidated in three days, Berlin and Paris dailies continued for more than a month to describe disturbances in places which I know were perfectly peaceful because I was visiting in them at the time when these supposed disturbances were being reported. Jordani, for instance, sitting in Paris, sent the London *Daily Herald* a wire to the effect that "Bolshevik troops have disembarked in Batum and are making terrible reprisals on the population, massacring old men, women, and children." Now I have been to Batum. I have had conversations with an American, the local representative of the Near East Relief; with private storekeepers who mouthed fire and brimstone at the Bolsheviks, with port workers, with non-political hotel servants, and with Mensheviks. Batum is a small town. Had they seen Red troops who had disembarked or arrived in any other way? No. Had anybody been massacred? No. The revolt had not even touched Batum.

Georgia is a pre-capitalistic country. The people weave their own cloth and make their own carpet dyes from nuts and fruits. You see women making thread from raw cotton and wool. There is little factory industry and therefore no very strong bourgeoisie. Nevertheless, that bourgeoisie has been able to offer passive resistance to the Soviet regime since its inception in 1921 and to participate in three troublesome, albeit puny, insurrections. The last uprising, quickly terminated though it was, forced the Government to recognize that it could not flout the will of the bourgeoisie nor deny the influence of the princes on the mood of the peasants. Measures tending toward the destruction of private capital were publicly renounced. Thus the state monopolies for cotton, silk, and wool were revoked, giving Nepmen a free hand in competing with the Government. Private shops boycotted for a year by the banks will now receive credits. The anti-NEP campaign will probably cease, certainly it will take on milder forms, while concessions will be made to the rich peasantry. Attacks on religion have been ordered stopped.

This latest Georgian experience emphasizes the heavy cost of revolution and the tremendous responsibility of revolutionaries. For the Q. E. D. of three years of Bolshevism in Georgia is that the ends of socialism cannot be approached, much less attained, as long as a counter-socialistic class has the weight and the will to bar the way. The Red cynic will even say that if civil war and foreign wars do not follow social upheavals, as they did the French and the Russian, they must be artificially induced in order to excuse acts through which the destruction of this class, the bourgeoisie, could be consummated.

I have put the question to many Communists only to receive an almost unvarying reply: No bourgeoisie will voluntarily relinquish its wealth and power. Nationalize its mines, railroads, land, real estate, factories, attempt a serious capital levy, and even the bourgeoisie which is the greatest champion of democracy will fight, though its enemy be a regularly elected parliamentary majority. No class submits to the guillotine without a struggle, not even so small and weak and unorganized a class as the Georgian bourgeoisie.

Making Cooperation Succeed in America

By AGNES D. WARBASSE

MOST of us in the United States are not a bit stirred by cooperation. The ephemeral torchlight processions of political radicals arouse much more enthusiasm than the unspectacular but solid gains of cooperation. If, as Huston Thompson, chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, says, "cooperation with all its problems is one of the most portentous, successful, and apparently enduring movements in this great period of world events," why aren't we thrilled at this growing movement in our midst?

In Europe they are taking cooperation seriously. Here perhaps, in our reckless, profligate way, we think "the effort is too great and the savings are too meager." Or perhaps we have not yet suffered enough to value it. Most of us still have the pioneer psychology. Even if we are in present straits we hopefully believe that by moving on we can find a better opportunity for ourselves. We are not yet ready "to dig in," right here on the job. There is no adventure in that. If we do not move on in search of improved conditions we prefer the excitement of standing on the sidelines and whooping up the other fellow—the politician or the boss—to better things *for* us: and then we blame him if things do not get better.

But there are some Americans who are pioneering in cooperation. Here, a few sketches of what they are doing:

"The visitor to New York goes to see the statue of Liberty; the visitor to Minneapolis goes to see the Franklin Cooperative Creamery." One of the daily papers of Minneapolis ran this as a headline last fall. They are proud of their lusty cooperative child out there. The Franklin Cooperative Creamery really is a prodigy. Though it is only four years old, it has more than two-thirds of the milk business of the city. One hundred and fifty-eight white wagons with white horses and glass-lined white automobile tank cars distribute $3,500,000 worth of dairy products to the members annually. The Franklin pays the organized farmer about fifteen cents more for a hundred pounds of milk than is paid farmers elsewhere. It sells milk at twelve cents a quart; two, three, even six cents lower than in other large cities. And besides all these money values that the people receive, there is the social value of this creamery to the community. The Commissioner of Health in a public statement largely attributes the reduction in the death-rate of babies and the decrease of typhoid in Minneapolis to its pure milk. Since 1920 the creamery has increased its percentage of butter fats even above the standard required by law and decreased the bac-

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teria count to a lower point than ever before. The surplus savings of the Franklin are used for enlarging their plant, for music and recreation, and for education of the members. Nearly $4,000 has been set aside this year to spread the knowledge of cooperation in the Northwest.

Who makes the most fuss about the exorbitant profits of the chain stores? The workers and the radicals. And who patronizes them most? Not the profiteers but these same workers and radicals, to the tune of $1,000,000 a day. If, instead of trading at the chain stores, the workers would plug ahead and buy all their food at their cooperative stores they too might begin to challenge the coal barons, as have, for instance, the cooperators in the mill town of Maynard, Massachusetts.

In the beginning of 1923 this cooperative society found itself with a surplus of $23,000 because for two years it had distributed no savings-returns to members. The directors decided to go into the coal business. Big gains were being made from their restaurant, grocery store, meat, furniture, milk, and bakery departments. Why not tackle one more of the necessities of life? Early in the autumn an agreement was made with one of the coal-mining companies of Pennsylvania. Land was purchased near the railroad tracks for $2,100; permission was wrung from the railroad company to build a spur; an overhead trestle and concrete bins were built. The entire plant cost $15,000. They started to deliver coal late in October; 2,200 tons of coal had been delivered by the end of March, 1924, with a distinct saving on each ton handled. The business is still growing.

Somebody brought the story over from Europe in 1921 of how they were building cooperative homes for the homeless; how homes were being built to *live in* instead of to sell; how speculation in real estate and housing was passing out. Instead of cursing the landlords as villains and exploiters the people were quietly putting them out of business by becoming their own landlords.

As usual, however, before real cooperative housing—the non-profit-making kind—could get established in the United States, our enterprising realtors captured the idea, put up apartments to sell, and called them "100 per cent cooperative." Up and down the avenues of any of our large cities you can see luxurious "cooperative" apartments flaunting prosperity. Their values run to the millions. The tenants invest from ten to twenty thousand dollars in cash for each apartment. The monthly charges run up from $500 to $600. Everybody makes something all along the line in the typical American fashion; first the real-estate speculators, then the contractors, then the agents. After the tenants have paid the price that these promoters demand, they in turn catch the germ of profit-making. Sometimes they sublet at extortionate profit. Sometimes groups of tenants, owning all the building, occupy only a portion of it: they let the rest at such a high rent that they themselves can live rent-free on the proceeds. Sometimes they sell out at their own price.

You ask, "Well, isn't this good for the wise ones who have cooperated in buying the apartment together, instead of continually renting from landlords?" Of course it is; but it is not cooperative housing. It does not eliminate speculation in land and homes.

Contrast this with genuine cooperative housing. If you are a cooperator you cannot hold title outright to the property you occupy. You own shares in the society; it owns the property. You can't hold more than the house or apartment you intend to occupy; you can't sell or sublet at a profit. But you can, even in America, by investing from $500 to $2,500, get a permanent, desirable cooperative home. The upkeep charges vary from $35 to $135 a month for three to six rooms. This is a saving of almost one-half the rental of similar apartments rented from landlords. These monthly charges decrease as the mortgages are cleared off. The "Garden Homes" of Milwaukee are a proof that this plan works. Over a hundred are already built; five hundred are planned on a plot of twenty-eight acres, a real cooperative community. And there are many true cooperative apartments in New York, Brooklyn, and a few other cities.

The present banking system does not provide loans for the man with ideas or for the worker who has labor power and little else to offer for security. But the people's banks, or credit unions as they are called in the United States, do. That is the reason they have increased so rapidly in the last few years. The need is here. The people are learning how to supply it. There are 95 credit unions in Massachusetts, 104 in New York, 35 in North Carolina, and a few others scattered through other States—nearly 300 in all. These little banks accept deposits and make loans only to their members—telephone girls, mill operators, civil-service clerks, poor-white farmers, even intellectuals. Their shareholdings now amount to $15,000,000. These savings they loan back to members whose needs and character they know. Over $12,000,000 has thus been used. Practically no losses—in some districts a small fraction of 1 per cent only, in some absolutely none—have been sustained.

"Oh, yes, these are the cooperative banks of the big unions," you say. No, the labor banks are different. There are thirty-five labor banks in the United States with assets of $125,000,000. They too are growing, but they are not yet cooperative. Their shares are largely held by labor, it is true, but their methods and investments are subject to the ordinary banking laws. There is as yet no national law for cooperative banking. When such a law is passed, these banks may reincorporate and become cooperative. At present they are following the usual course of private banking—making money for their shareholders. There is one significant difference; these labor banks have voluntarily limited the amount of dividend payable on stock to 10 per cent. Although some have been able to pay more, they have kept their dividends down as low as 8 per cent. The remaining surplus has been used to increase the interest paid to depositors and to decrease the interest charged to borrowers.

In Europe, cooperation is standardized. Experimentation is passed; but until recently we in the United States preferred to blunder along independently rather than to unite with the national federation of consumers' societies, The Cooperative League, and learn the right way to go about things. An encouraging change is taking place. Three hundred and thirty-three of the strongest consumers' societies in the United States, doing a combined business of about $15,000,000 a year, have joined the league. As a result of its education, its clearing-house for information, and its standardization, these societies are making better headway than ever before.

At the recent cooperative congress, held in New York, November 6, 7, and 8, eight groups of cooperative organizations formed a federation for joint buying. They decided no longer to "go it alone" but to buy important staples—flour, sugar, etc.—in carload lots. This is a promising step

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toward the formation of the much-needed cooperative wholesale.

Who would have believed, a few years ago, that three non-profit-seeking cooperatives of several thousand members each could succeed in the heart of competitive business, New York City? Is it not interesting to know that there are two cooperative restaurants flourishing in the Wall Street section and two in the uptown business district? They serve 65,000 meals a month. "Our Cafeteria," now known as Cooperative Services, Inc., started less than four years ago. It has had a calm, steady growth, nothing very spectacular. Yet the 1,900 members, who have received $14,000 in savings-returns in addition to 6 per cent interest on their capital stock, will tell you that there is a demand for cooperative service even in gay New York. A recent addition to their activities has been the Cooperative Laundry, which is washing 1,500 bundles of its members' clothing monthly at a distinct saving.

The second "co-op" that knows how to succeed in New York City is the Finnish Cooperative Trading Association, with 1,500 members. It has a meat market, butcher shop, bakery, restaurant, and recreation room. Its success is, of course, more easily explained. It is in Brooklyn, in the center of a Finnish colony, with like habits, like needs, and like traditions. This is fertile soil.

Union labor is the unbroken rule in the forty-five cooperative bakeries ranging from the Massachusetts seaboard to the coast of California. Some of these were organized by union bakers who despaired of ever getting better wages and conditions through legislation. Strikes, too, had been of little effect. So the workers started to finance and run their own bakeries. They sold shares also to the consumers. As a result the working class as a whole has benefited. The presence of the "co-op" in many a town has driven down the prices of competing private bakers, day by day. And in time of strike, for instance, the great textile strike of 1922, 170,000 loaves of bread were sent from the cooperative bakeries in Massachusetts to the strikers' food kitchen.

Throughout the land there is a growing understanding of cooperation. Two training-schools for cooperative employees and executives are running annual courses of six weeks each. The colleges and special schools are giving increasing time to courses in cooperation. Spurious, fraudulent, and fanciful schemes have been put out of business by publicity, by court proceedings, or forced to the wall bankrupt. Henceforth they will have little chance of securing a foothold in the United States. Americans are beginning to know real cooperation from "fake."

Cooperators in this country are at last building solidly and laying deep foundations. Most countries have built a cooperative movement first and later sought to add a cooperative culture. In the United States we are building a culture upon which to found the growing movement. We shall succeed. But we must work everlastingly to make ourselves bigger than our problems.

The Primitive Black Man

By W. E. BURGHARDT Du BOIS

I BEGAN to notice it as I entered southern France. I formulated it in Portugal. I knew it as a great truth one Sunday in Liberia. And the Great Truth was this: efficiency and happiness do not go together in modern culture. Going south from London, as the world darkens it gets happier. Portugal is deliciously dark. Many leading citizens would have difficulty keeping off a Georgia "Jim Crow" car. But, oh, how lovely a land and how happy a people! And so leisurely. Little use of trying to shop seriously in Lisbon before 11. It isn't done. Nor at noon; the world is lunching or lolling in the sun. Even after 4 p. m. one takes chances, for the world is in the Rocio. And the banks are so careless and the hotels so leisurely. How delightfully angry Englishmen get at the "damned, lazy" Portuguese!

But if this of Portugal, what of Africa? Here darkness descends and rests on lovely skins until brown seems so luscious and natural. There is sunlight in great gold globules and soft, heavy-scented heat that wraps you like a garment. And laziness; divine, eternal languor is right and good and true.

I remember the morning. It was Sunday, and the night before we heard the leopards crying down there. Today beneath the streaming sun we went down into the gold-green forest. It was silence—silence the more mysterious because life abundant and palpitating pulsed all about us and held us drowsy captives to the day. Ahead the gaunt missionary strode, alert, afire, with his gun. He apologized for the gun, but he did not need to apologize to me, for I saw the print of a leopard's hind foot. A monkey sentinel piped, and I heard the whir of the horde as they ran.

Then we came to the village. How can I describe it? Neither London nor Paris nor New York has anything of its delicate, precious beauty. It was a town of the Veys and done in cream and pale purple—still, clean, restrained, tiny, complete. It was so simple and quiet there in the great wide world. Its arms were wide—it was no selfish place, but the central abode of fire and hospitality, was clean-swept for wayfarers, and the best seats were bare. They quite expected visitors, morning, noon, and night; and they gave our hands a quick, soft grasp and talked easily. Their manners were better than those of Park Lane or Park Avenue, Rittenhouse Square or the North Shore. Oh, much better and more natural! They showed breeding.

The chief's son—tall and slight and speaking good English—had served the late Colonel Young. He made a little speech of welcome. Long is the history of the Veys and comes down from the Eastern Roman Empire, the great struggle of Islam and the black empires of the Sudan.

We went on to other villages—dun colored, not so beautiful, but neat and hospitable. In one sat a visiting chief of perhaps fifty years in a derby hat and a robe, and beside him stood a shy young wife done in ebony and soft brown, whose liquid eyes could not meet ours. The chief was taciturn until we spoke of schools. Then he woke suddenly—he had children to "give" to a school. There was a pile of brown coffee heaped in the center of the village. I see the last village fading away: they are plas-

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tering the wall of a home, leisurely and carefully. They smiled a goodby—not effusively, with no eagerness, with simple friendship, as we glided under the cocoa trees and into the silent forest, the gold and silent forest.

And there and elsewhere in two long months I began to learn: Primitive men are not following us afar, frantically waving and seeking our goals; primitive men are not behind us in some swift foot-race. Primitive men have arrived. They are abreast, and in places ahead of us; in others behind. But all their curving advance line is contemporary, not prehistoric. They have used other paths and these paths have led them by scenes sometimes fairer, sometimes uglier than ours, but always toward the Pools of Happiness. Or, to put it otherwise, these folks have the leisure of true aristocracy—leisure for thought and courtesy, leisure for sleep and laughter. They have time for their children—such well-trained, beautiful children with perfect, unhidden bodies. Have you ever met a crowd of children in the east of London or New York, or even on the Avenue at Forty-second or 142nd Street, and fled to avoid their impudence and utter ignorance of courtesy? Come to Africa and see well-bred and courteous children, playing happily and never sniffling and whining.

I have read everywhere that Africa means sexual license. Perhaps it does. Most folk who talk sex frantically have all too seldom revealed their source material. I was in West Africa only two months, but with both eyes wide. I saw children quite naked and women usually naked to the waist—with bare bosom and limbs. And in those sixty days I saw less of sex dalliance and appeal than I see daily on Fifth Avenue. This does not mean much, but it is an interesting fact.

The primitive black man is courteous and dignified. If the platforms of Western cities had swarmed with humanity as I have seen the platforms swarm in Senegal, the police would have a busy time. I did not see one respectable quarrel.

Wherefore shall we all take to the Big Bush? No. I prefer New York. But my point is that New York and London and Paris must learn of West Africa and may learn. The one great lack in Africa is communication—communication as represented by human contact, movement of goods, dissemination of knowledge. All these things we have—we have in such crushing abundance that they have mastered us and defeated their real good. We meet human beings in such throngs that we cannot know or even understand them—they become to us inhuman, mechanical, hateful. We are choked and suffocated, tempted and killed by goods accumulated from the ends of the earth; our newspapers and magazines so overwhelm us with knowledge—knowledge of all sorts and kinds from particulars as to our neighbors' underwear to Einstein's mathematics—that one of the great and glorious joys of the African bush is to escape from "news."

On the other hand, African life with its isolation has deeper knowledge of human souls. The village life, the forest ways, the teeming markets bring an intimate human knowledge that the West misses, sinking the individual in the social. Africans know infinitely fewer folk, but know them infinitely better. Their intertwined communal souls therefore brook no poverty or prostitution—these things are to them ununderstandable. On the other hand, they are vastly ignorant of what the world is doing and thinking and of what is known of its physical forces. They suffer terribly from preventable disease, from unnecessary hunger, from the freaks of the weather.

Here, then, is something for Africa and Europe both to learn; and Africa is eager, breathless, to learn—while Europe? Europe laughs with loud guffaws. Learn of Africa? Nonsense. Poverty cannot be abolished. Democracy and firm government are incompatible. Prostitution is world old and inevitable.

Whereupon Europe proceeds to one of two programs:

1. To force Africa into modern work-slavery by whip and gun.

2. To tempt Africa into work profitable to Europe by catering to her present wants.

And then across these programs with absolutely no reference to them logically or physically run the amazing missionary efforts.

The net result is disintegration. Disintegration toward death as in the Belgian Congo. Disintegration toward European life as in French Senegal. Disintegration toward modern machine methods as in Sierra Leone. Disintegration by absorption into another group as in Liberia, where the new Liberian is more and more of native blood and American training.

Most people would disagree with the attempt to force Africa into work slavery and assume that this program is obsolete in Africa. It is not. It is, on the whole, the main and predominant program. On the other hand, the second program of catering to the wants of Africa may be good and may be bad, and is usually bad. Everything depends upon which wants are catered to, and how they are catered to, and with what objects and ideals. One may cater to the wish for alcoholic stimulants by synthetic gin, or one may cater to the need of knowledge by establishing schools; and between these two runs the gamut of the universe. As a matter of fact, what one does cater to is to those wants the satisfaction of which makes the largest profit for the importer. And one does this without any reference to the ultimate effect upon the people. One copies the beautiful cloth patterns of the West African artisan and his dyes, and floods West Africa with machine-made garments, beautiful and striking in many ways, but far less beautiful, of course, than the native garment, and at the same time driving the native artisan out of the market.

What shall one do? Here again one must do the thing most profitable to the importer. Bring down palm oil and ivory and wild rubber. All this beginning of trade and intercourse with the modern world is a matter which ought to call for the wisest thought and most far-seeing philanthropy. It is left today in the hands of the most selfish and ignorant white traders. One could envisage in West Africa a missionary effort that would uplift the world: trained physicians and nurses, masters of industrial processes guided by ideals which make industry cater to human development and uplift; wise men trained in anthropology and history to observe and copy the ancient and in many respects magnificent native organizations; and teachers who know how to teach.

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Jaurès at the Pantheon

By IDA TREAT

Paris, November 24

A DAY of incongruities. More red than tricolored, and yet not quite red. A truce between the "Internationale" and the "Marseillaise." A symbol of the Government of the Bloc des Gauches—with its hesitancies, its lack of assurance, its constant need of leaning on the Left. . . .

As we walk from the metro station toward the Chamber of Deputies the first glimpse is impressive. The brown bulk of the House-without-windows, with a high, black catafalque in silhouette against a moving, billowing curtain of tricolor, vast as a cloud against the dark pillars. Below the square is black with onlookers, massed at either side of the boulevard and along the bridge leading to the Place de la Concorde, where groups of red flags flame darkly through the mist.

Everyone buys a red eglantine for his buttonhole. Today red is an official color. Few police are in evidence; a platoon keeps the crowd in order; a few brigadiers with braided képis stand about. Cavalry officers trail their long swords; their silver spurs twinkle under their long coat-skirts cut after the German pattern.

Comes a prolonged drum-roll. Hats off. A monstrous something advances, draped in red-white-and-blue bunting, visible over the heads of the crowd. It sways and lurches, steams like a locomotive. People crane and shove. What is it? A float, a tank? It is the catafalque; poised at the summit of a wooden pyramid nearly twenty feet high and fully twice as long, it is borne along by the stalwart miners of Carmaux wearing their picturesque blue jeans. Incense burns at the four corners in gilded holders.

Overhead something whines and wheezes—like a phonograph with a warped disk or a worn needle. Two mighty amplifiers on the roof of the Chamber transmit the strains of an orchestra, playing in comfort within the heated building. The march from "Aïda"! In an instant the scene on the square loses its sincerity. This is mere opera—the swaying catafalque, the tall cenotaph with its silver gauze, its banks of chrysanthemums, and the two red-and-yellow torches like immense ice-cream molds. Only the billowing flag-curtain still is beautiful.

The crowd shivers and stamps in the icy fog. To think that this display has cost the Government 650,000 francs! One cannot help remembering the pathetic budget of education they have been discussing this very week behind those draped columns. No money for museums, no money for libraries and laboratories—but 650,000 francs for a spectacle! The republic has come a long way from Danton's "Bread first . . . and then education."

"Poor psychology," comments one man in the crowd. "Bad politics," grumbles another. In spite of the lyric tone adopted by the journalists, the crowd understands that this is a political demonstration. Jaurès is a pretext—a chance to reveal the forces massed behind Herriot and the Bloc des Gauches. Yesterday it was the Poincaré Government with the heart of Gambetta and the Unknown Soldier; today, the Left has its opportunity.

The catafalque has disappeared down the Boulevard St. Germain, followed by the President of the Council in his tall hat, deputies, and senators—the very men who in 1911 christened Jaurès "l'avocat de l'Allemagne." Then come the radicals, the League of the Rights of Man with its venerable chief, Ferdinand Buisson, warmly saluted by friends in the crowd. Last of all, the long procession of Socialists, their scarlet banners hung with crape—a disturbing sight no doubt to the good folk in the big houses that line the boulevard. A window just above our heads is filled with house-servants so typical that they seem scarcely real—the cook with mustache and cap, the housekeeper and her keys, the butler with a handful of spoons. Monsieur himself with his monocle stands a little apart from the rest, carefully observed by his household, who pattern their behavior after his. When Monsieur gives a scornful laugh, the servants laugh; a shrug of his shoulders is accompanied by a whole series of less successful shrugs.

The amplifier still whines over the square—excellent music, without a doubt, but nothing to march to. Could not some of the six hundred thousand francs have been used to hire a band? The cortège saunters—a well-dressed crowd, derby hats and French heels. One lady leads or is led by a gay little dachshund in a blue overcoat.

Two-fifteen; the "official" procession is over. The policemen along the curb break ranks. An amiable brigadier invites us to fall in behind the marchers. But there is a stir on the bridge, banners, and—at last—a band. The crowd surges into the square as the Communists, fifty thousand strong, sweep across from the Place de la Concorde. On they come, flags flying, Cachin and Vaillant-Couturier in the lead. Just under the cenotaph they come to a stand. There is a crash of brass.

C'est . . . la lut-te final-e . . .

The "Internationale." An answering roar from the crowd. Hats wave. The whole square rocks with sound.

"That's what Jaurès would have loved!" gasps an old man beside me who has been singing with all his might. "I am no Communist, but to bury Jaurès without the 'Internationale'—it would be a shame!"

"You can't play the 'Internationale' at a government funeral!" snaps a man with a Socialist badge on his arm.

"Jaurès didn't belong to the government. He was a revolutionary—" came the peppery rejoinder, and the old man burst out again with the refrain:

L'Inter-nationale sera . . . le genre humain!

For nearly an hour they file past—workers from the faubourgs, children in scarlet caps, bareheaded women—singing and shouting "Vive Jaurès! Vive l'Amnestie!" their voices covering the bark of the amplifier that is grating out the official speeches at the Pantheon. The Communists are masters of the street; they fill the boulevard from wall to wall and stretch in a long procession to the distant square where the dome of the Pantheon disappears in evening mist. No hypocrisy here. This is frankly a political demonstration—a heaven-sent opportunity to parade the strength of a revolutionary party through the very heart of the capital. Flags, songs, speakers haranguing the crowd from taxis.

And Jaurès? . . . The ceremony is over. The officials have wandered home to dinner. The amplifiers have ceased grating. The gates of the sanctuary are closed and barred. The autumn mist closes down on the square, shutting out the crowds that drift away with their eglantines and their furled banners; wrapping close about the dome of great men, like a symbol of the solitude of their lives.

Jaurès is alone in the Pantheon.

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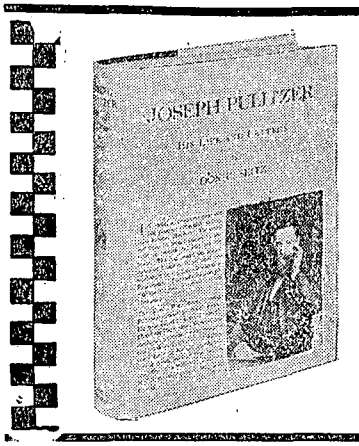

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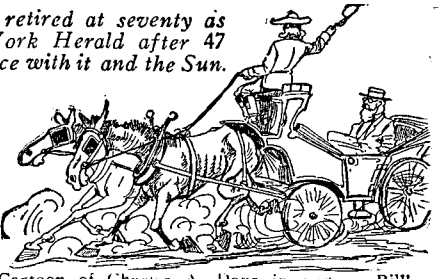

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In the Driftway

THE Drifter admits without pride that he is immune to the cross-word microbe. Long ago, when the disease was in its dread infancy, the Drifter was exposed to a single puzzle. With that thoroughness for which he is so justly noted he began at the upper left-hand corner, looked up every Tasmanian tree and Burmese deity, filled every square, in fact, to the very last. What was the Drifter's horror to find, at the lower right-hand corner, the name of an extinct bird that could only be nandu. Nandu didn't fit all its crosses, so they had to be changed. Nearly everything had to be changed, all the way back to the upper-left corner. From that moment the Drifter abjured cross-word mania, and nothing will tempt him back. Not if the checkered series stretches out to as many volumes as the Elsie books; not if the annual contest of the cross-word association comes to rival the Army-Navy football game; not if the puzzle-builders of the daily papers are paid as high as columnists and words like eloign and ormazd become as common as pronouns; not even if the Drifter himself is offered the chair of cross-etymology at Harvard.

* * * * *

DO not hasten to congratulate the Drifter on his immunity, because he has a much worse disease. He is addicted to the species of puzzle known as the number cryptogram. This, though rarer, is much more deadly than the common cross-word. Its pursuit requires no reference library of textbooks in naval engineering and Babylonian mythology. It can be practiced by the unaided exercise of the human intellect, but at what cost in vital energy! A number cryptogram, you should know, is a sum in arithmetic, expressed in letters which form a ten-letter keyword like a merchant's price code. All the victim is given is a picture like this:

VEL) RVLLB (AA
RMVP
RPVB
RMVP
IEO

The Drifter worked out this one yesterday, but unfortunately mislaid the answer. He has evolved his own secret method of solution, which he guards with his life. In case any converts wish to take up the study, he refers them to the method described not long ago in the New York *World* by an earnest contributor named Schrum. This careful scholar has made a card index, as the Drifter understands it, of the multiplication table. He reports a hundred possible combinations for a single pair of digits. Armed with his index he attacks the cryptogram, and after about two columns of explanation notes proudly: "This eliminates 56 combinations and leaves but 44 to contend with." The reader will of course understand that the rest is child's play.

* * * * *

AFTER all, the Drifter emerges from his cryptogram to observe, the cross-word vogue may be as good a key to the psychology of our time as radio, crime, or jazz itself. For unbelievers in the gospel of commerce, puzzle-solving offers a quaint escape from the useful. For orthodox devotees of the daily dozen, it serves to enlarge the vocabulary and sharpen, as they virtuously say, the wits.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

"Scouts with a Difference"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Last spring I had the pleasure of calling the attention of your readers to a new movement which adopted the name of the Pioneer Youth of America. I should like now to report what degree it has won for itself as a kind of "Boy (or Girl) Scouts with a Difference."

It ran a very successful camp at Pawling, New York, primarily for the children of workers. Anyone who would like to get the feeling of the camp would do well to write for a copy of that attractive little publication *Pioneer Youth*, which the boys and girls themselves wrote, edited, and printed.

This camp has been followed by the organization of eight clubs in different parts of Greater New York. Others will soon be opened in New York City, and in the near future work will be begun in Pennsylvania with the help of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor. Slowly and steadily the movement is winning the approval and support of organized labor, some sections of which, from the beginning, have been active in it. It has also won the friendly interest of modern educators and it has established a training class for leaders with an average attendance of over thirty.

It is quite idle to believe that we shall have a new labor party, or a nobler and less jingoistic patriotism, or a finer spirit in labor organizations, or world peace itself, if we are to allow the spirits of our boys and girls to be militarized and regimented and taught the religion of success, not only through our schools but through the very organizations which satisfy their need for recreation and comradeship and out-of-door life. That is why I believe the modest beginnings of this new organization deserve both the moral and financial support of the readers of *The Nation*. May I remind you that Joshua Lieberman, secretary of the organization, can be reached at 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City?

New York, December 1 NORMAN THOMAS

American Labor at El Paso

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A band of Mexican labor delegates a thousand strong, many of them barefoot and scantily clad, wearing their broad sombreros and flaunting gay colors, marched into Liberty Hall at El Paso, Texas. They were greeted by the forty-fourth annual convention of the American Federation of Labor and immediately a keynote of internationalism was struck. The Chihuahua city band played "America" and the Mexican national anthem, and President Gompers and Secretary Trevino clasped hands, with the Mexican flag between them. Juan Rico, president of the Mexican Federation of Labor, meeting in Juarez, Mexico, answered the greeting of President Gompers; and again the band crashed out a Mexican tune. The delegates shouted "Viva Gompers!" "Viva Mexico!" "Viva labor and peace!" These expressions of brotherhood were significant and impressive just because they were unconscious and spontaneous. If they were emotional so were at least half of the deliberations of the assembled body. It greeted with equal enthusiasm the statement of National Commander James Drain of the American Legion that "the United States must maintain a navy the equal of any in the world. . . . It must have an army . . . capable of immediate expansion to war-time size" and the statement of A. B. Swales of Great Britain that "our congress is working toward the international solidarity of the workers of the world."

But the wheels of the machinery were well greased and moved with automatic precision. The committee reports went through without a hitch. The resolutions looking to the formation of a labor party were, of course, voted down, and the

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nonpartisan political attitude of the federation was reaffirmed. The surprisingly broad and inclusive report on education, involving a per capita tax of one-half cent per member, per annum, to be paid to the Workers' Education Bureau, was passed as a matter of routine, along with an imposing list of other resolutions.

In similar fashion the reelection of every one of the officers of the previous year was ticked off with the regularity of a clock. No trace could be detected of an articulate or even a dormant minority opinion. Max Hayes, Andrew Furuseth, and Basky of the Stone Cutters were the nearest approach to a protest vote of which the convention could boast. This was all to be expected. The only feature of the convention at all comparable to its genuine exhibition of internationalism was the unexpected vigor, the aggressive determination of the federation's veteran leader. Recovering from his illness of the first day, Samuel Gompers spoke several times and fired the convention to tumultuous applause when he expressed sentiments like these:

> I would rather that the American labor movement put a dollar in the pay envelope at the end of the week and cut down an hour a day of the burdensome toil than to cast votes once in every four years. . . . Hungry stomachs may create a riot, but never a successful revolution. . . . It is better to resist and lose than never to resist. . . . If any industry cannot pay a living wage it had best go out of existence. . . . If the gauntlet is thrown down let us pick it up and fight—fight to the bitter end until the rights of our people shall be respected.

NELLIE SEEDS NEARING

El Paso, Texas, December 1.

A Critic Criticized

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the issue of *The Nation* for October 29, in an article of criticism on "Taking the Literary Pulse" by Joseph Collins, Mr. Johan J. Smertenko says: "In the work of Dr. Collins we may see the green-grocer morality and mentality passing judgment on what it cannot understand." Why the gratuitous insult to the green-grocer? Is it not (I will not say un-American and undemocratic) unjust, unkind, and unintelligent to hold up to contempt an entire class of workers, harmless, necessary green-grocers, as objects worthy of scorn? Is it not that a sense of caste-distinctions is not yet eradicated from the soul of your foreign-named critic, so that a person in petty "trade" is not to him worthy the consideration an American gentleman is, in theory, at least, expected to give to each individual on his own merits?

This point recalls to my mind the practice of Rebecca West's early days of literary and social criticism. Butlers were her pet aversion. Any person too low and mean for special classification was dubbed a "butler." The very worst were "cretinous butlers"!

Would it not be well for such hasty and class-prejudiced persons as these two named critics to ponder the wise words of Phillips Brooks on "Tolerance," spoken more than twenty-five years ago, but most pertinent at the present moment? He says: "Has it not been true with you that the more sure you have been of yourself the more tolerant you have been always? We have full tolerance for the Buddhist and the Mohammedan; least of all for the man of our own church. Where the difference is least we have most misgivings, and there tolerance is weak."

Let our American critics beware, then, of selecting arbitrarily certain Europeanly designated "servile" classes for scorn and contumely lest they inadvertently betray concerning themselves what they presumably would prefer to keep hidden.

Los Angeles, November 11 EMMA B. PATTON

In Sympathy with Mr. Hard

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems to me that Mr. Hard's letter of December 3 in *The Nation* most happily illustrates a very serious embarrassment. There is an undoubted disposition to confuse adherence to a general cause and adoption of a particular reason or measure to promote that cause. In 1896 I felt that Mr. Bryan was right in virtually every complaint he uttered, and wrong in practically every remedy he suggested. The common impression, however, was that to be honest it was necessary to be for or against both. In the last campaign I sympathized with La Follette's protests as to past abuse or neglect of principles, but I was out of sympathy with his program for future correction by changing those principles.

I was surprised to find that, because I stood for the right to utter opinions, I was expected to agree to any opinion that any one might utter. I protest that because I insist that others have a right to be socialists I should be classed as one of them.

The proposed child-labor amendment is a case in point. Many very earnest opponents of child labor still hesitate to support the federal amendment, although in the present state of the Constitution the Supreme Court has declared Congress to be helpless. This presents the same conflict between general purpose and particular measure. Shall the original conception of the dual system of government yield to the crying need for immediate relief? There are still those who would be glad to be both federalist and State-righter, and who contend that intelligent adherence to one presupposes respect for the other. Shall they yield that position?

Finally, there are those who advocate the least possible government. These are the progressive conservatives, or conservative progressives, as the case may be—men and women who cherish ideals but who look to the spirit of the man rather than to the letter of the statute. Again and again the question is, What shall be our practical answer in a situation which presents a conflict of conviction or principle, or both?

St. Louis, December 1 CHARLES NAGEL

New Hampshire

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article on New Hampshire by Ralph D. Paine reminds me of a little poem written by Harry Kemp, the so-called "tramp poet," written while sitting beside a New England roadway. The verse bears the title of

THE NEW ENGLAND FARMER

Along a slope of stony ground, where niggard nature yields
A scant return from rocky ridge and age-exhausted fields,
I see a farmer turning slow behind a yoke of steers
The furrow that his fathers clove in far colonial years.
The railway is an incident to him who turns the clod;
He has the limp that Cato had when Tuscan fields he trod—
Coeval he with Romulus, whose plow was sire to Rome,
Though snugly set 'mid apple trees he owns his Yankee home.
Last scion of a hardy line whose children run to seed,
He ever goads the wretched soil to half-supply his need;
Alone he toils from day to day—his offspring dead, or gone
To wrestle for existence in the million-peopled town—
Dyspeptic, full of ancient tales of things that used to be,
Of times more thriving, brighter suns, he chatters garrulously—
And then again a silence falls. . . . He turns to face once more
The battle with the barren lands his fathers drained of yore.

Stockton, California, September 1 OTES E. BROWN

Mollie Best's three articles, Quaker Revolutionaries, will appear in successive issues of The Nation, *beginning next week.*

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Books and Plays

First Glance

THE tortures through which youth is willing to put itself in order to achieve expression in poetry are so appalling that to many persons they would seem incredible were it not that documents occasionally come along about whose reality there can be no doubt. Two recent volumes tell strange stories of such pain, and though they are alike in no other respect they belong together as proving the mad power of that urge which hunts elected souls across the difficult fields of art.

"Pascal D'Angelo, Son of Italy" (Macmillan: $2) is the autobiography of a young immigrant laborer who suffered the various hells of an impossible environment before a lucky day in 1922 brought him to the office of *The Nation*, where he got his first recognition as the only thing he wanted to be, a poet. Readers who remember The Roving Critic's article describing that visit will be interested now in Mr. D'Angelo's picturesque and moving account of the years which in one way or another led up to it. He begins with his boyhood in a valley of the Abruzzi, and his memories of that world, in spite of the fact that it lay under the curse of incurable poverty, give clear and beautiful color to the first four chapters of his book. These are packed with excellent narrative of storms and superstitions and childish fears, with pictures of rain and drought, of the vine, the goat, the red roofs of mountain houses, and the deep green of valleys. One passage in particular might be the work of an ancient pastoral poet momentarily exiled from his loved locality: "One day I was pasturing my goats and sheep on the broad shoulder of the immense mountain. Higher and higher we went, gradually leaving the castle below us, and reaching the clear bright regions of stunted trees and fitful mountain storms. Far below me was the white town and to the north stretched the vast glorious valley that was for so many centuries the stronghold of the mighty Samnites. In a hazy softness of distance it appeared, threaded by the Pescara, the blue river. There gleamed Sulmona, surrounded by its towered walls. And there nestled the villages of the Marsi, and further north, though hidden in mists, I knew was Aquila, the city of the eagle."

At fifteen he came with his father to America, and for twelve waste years he was herded with pick-and-shovel gangs through the Eastern States. It was only toward the end of this period that he was seized with a passion to learn English. He studied it fiercely, getting an old dictionary by heart and experimenting more and more boldly with written sentences. Then, becoming aware that he was a poet, he abandoned the pick and shovel and starved in New York through a long, cold year until his poems were accepted. He still must labor for a living, but he is a happy man in so far as he has caught the ear of a careless world. His poems, a few of which are inserted in the present text, deserve to be better known. But his story as told here is thus far the most important thing about him.

The story of Arthur Rimbaud has long been famous, though to most English and American readers it has hitherto been known only in outline. Such a book as Edgell Rickword's "Rimbaud: The Boy and the Poet" (Knopf: $3.50), which fills in the outline, was much to be desired. Mr. Rickword, far as he is from being a lucid biographer or a competent critic, has performed a valuable service by fitting together the known facts in the case and by furnishing translations of a number of Rimbaud's poems. The difficulties which formed the genius of Rimbaud were within himself, or within the bourgeois world which, as a boy of precocious and powerful intellect, he hated. Poetry with him was a virulent disorder, an eruption through which from fifteen to eighteen he arrived at an understanding between his sullen, adolescent ego and the rest of the universe. Equilibrium attained, he abandoned literature entirely and spent the second half of his life as a man of action, an explorer and colonizer in North-East Africa. He utterly despised the poems which he had set in circulation; today he would shout from his grave if he knew that he was considered by Mr. Rickword and many others the greatest French poet since Baudelaire. His relations with Verlaine make a story in themselves, and I am sorry that Mr. Rickword's volume is so unsatisfactory a mate for Harold Nicolson's admirable "Paul Verlaine" of three years ago.

MARK VAN DOREN

Twin Prestidigitators

Memories and Adventures. By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Little, Brown and Company. $4.50.

A Magician Among the Spirits. By Houdini. Harper and Brothers. $4.

WHERE is Sherlock Holmes? May the master detective, despite his rheumatism, his philosophical studies, and his bee-keeping, seize his crutches and hobble forth from that irritating retirement in which he has remained since "His Last Bow" appeared. For a quest even more glorious than any of his former exploits awaits him—the rescue of his creator's mind from the clutch of that dreadful disease called the Psychic. And, when all is over, may Dr. Watson abandon his vials and scalpels in order to pen "The Adventure of the Gullible Author."

For Sir Arthur is, above all things, credulous. Here is an autobiography which in many ways is excellent; it tells, clearly, unaffectedly, and most entertainingly, the story of an exceptionally interesting, an enormously busy and therefore happy life. Certainly no lover of the Holmes Saga should fail to read it. But from beginning to end the book is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of metaphysical speculation. Like most specialists in science—Sir Arthur practiced medicine constantly for eight years and intermittently thereafter—he is incurably romantic about the great mysteries, and also (one hesitates to say it) almost as incurably cocksure of his own bizarre theories. "I have clasped materialized hands. . . . I have seen spirits walk round the room in fair light and join in the talk of the company." One imagines that Sherlock, listening to such remarks, would retort in his icy drawl: "Now, really, my dear Doyle . . ." This, of course, is the sort of jargon characteristic of mystics in every age. William Blake and John of Patmos made great poetry out of such hallucinations, but Sir Arthur shapes his broodings into unconsciously amusing, and yet distressing, essays in pseudo-science. Yet, after a fashion, his mental evolution has been sufficiently logical. Young Dr. Doyle wrote tales which portrayed the workings of an acutely analytical mind, though it is obvious enough that in almost every story about Holmes the dice of logic and reason are heavily loaded. Sherlock never picks up a watch or a key that does not contain a suspiciously large number of clues—far more than respectable watches and keys should have. Every act, every glance, every

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button has some abstruse significance for Holmes; so every ghost has a meaning of its own for his creator. Hypnotized by an uncompromising belief that because he wishes a thing to be true it therefore must be true, Sir Arthur performs some tricks with logic that are far more astounding than many of Sherlock's ratiocinations.

But since Holmes will presumably remain in retirement—for, alas! Sir Arthur remarks that the detective tales have "tended to obscure my higher work"—it is most fortunate that Houdini, a jolly mystifier instead of a mystic, has just come on the scene. For some thirty years he has carefully studied every phase of psychic phenomena, has amassed a huge library on the subject, and has attended all manner of hair-raising séances—which, nevertheless, have failed to make a single hair on his own head wiggle. Still, as he admits, he would like to believe that spirits can commune with their earthly friends, largely because he would like to communicate with his deceased mother. Once he held a séance with his friendly enemies, Lady Doyle and Sir Arthur, in which Lady Doyle, "seized by a Spirit," wrote down a message, couched in excessively ecstatic English, which purported to come from his mother. Sir Arthur naturally believed that it was "a direct communication"; and when Houdini pointed out that his mother "could not speak, read, nor write English," Sir Arthur told him that "a spirit becomes more educated the longer it has departed and that my blessed mother had been able to master the English language in heaven." Incidentally, Sir Arthur avers that he has "smelt the peculiar ozone-like smell of ectoplasm"; and when one reads that Houdini and others have detected mediums discharging ectoplasm from either their noses or their mouths, one suspects that Sir Arthur may be right.

Houdini's book naturally abounds in amusing episodes. He once attended a séance with a friend, who, informed that his deceased wife's spirit was on hand, asked permission to kiss her; and "he told me later that she must have forgotten to shave, as she had a stubble beard." Here is an interesting comment on the deportment of spirits: "A widow in Brooklyn became a mother and claimed that the spirit of her husband was the father of her child." Yet the book as a whole is eminently serious. There is more solid sense in this one sentence than in all of Sir Arthur's fantasies: "The secret of all such performances [séances] is to catch the mind off guard and the moment after it has been surprised to follow up with something else that carries the intelligence along with the performer, even against the spectator's will." Incidentally, Houdini plays some surprising tricks with the English language. He may be able to escape from any man-trap extant, but he is frequently quite helpless in the coils of syntax.

R. F. Dibble

"The Fox's Paw"

The Fox's Paw. A Novel of Spanish Life by Ramón Pérez de Ayala. Translated by Thomas Walsh. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

THE appearance here a few years ago of a translation of three short stories by Ramón Pérez de Ayala, one of the most prominent of Spain's younger writers, passed all but unnoticed, even by the reviewers. Though the book was not a remarkable one, its neglect by the reviewers was regrettable in view of the extravagant praise they had been lavishing upon Blasco Ibáñez. Now that critics are becoming aware of the existence of other modern Spanish writers, it is to be hoped that they will not go to extremes, as some have already done, by overpraising "The Fox's Paw."

"The Fox's Paw" is one of a series of four novels dealing in general with modern Spanish life and in particular with the intellectual and spiritual development of a sensitive young Spaniard seeking to find himself. The first of the series, "Darkness on the Heights," was published anonymously some sixteen years ago, and achieved notoriety for its bold picture of libertinage. The second, "A. M. D. G., or Life in a Jesuit College," which came out under the author's own name, caused a certain stir by its denunciation of Jesuit education. "Troteras y danzaderas" ("Dancers and Trollops"), the fourth of these novels, aroused considerable curiosity because of the rumors that certain of its characters were veiled portraits of well-known figures in the artistic and political life of the Spanish capital. In "The Fox's Paw," the third of the series in date of publication, the central figure of the tetralogy, Alberto Díaz de Guzmán, young, well-to-do, with vague artistic longings, continues his attempt to fit himself happily into his world, but succeeds only in bringing unhappiness and death to the woman he loves and disillusion to himself.

One acquainted with these novels must feel that "The Fox's Paw" does not represent Pérez de Ayala at his best. To be sure it shows the same mastery of language as his other work, the same gift for narrative, and the same ability with characters; but the story, at least as reread in the present translation, fails by comparison with "Darkness on the Heights" and "Troteras y danzaderas." In those novels Guzmán was for the most part an agreeable young man whose adventures were picturesque enough not to be overborne by the didactic quality of his comments thereon. In this book he appears as a lover, and as such he is unconvincing. Never for a moment do his emotional experiences become crucial or real, nor are they productive in him of more than fruitless introspection and conventional poetry—much of the verse, by the way, has been left out in this not always accurate and otherwise bowdlerized translation. One is inclined to accept the judgment of a "certain theatrical critic, who had declared that Albert could never succeed as a dramatic author because of his incapacity to feel or understand a passion." The setting and events, moreover, have less significance than those of the other two novels mentioned; its narrative lacks the picaresque verve of "Darkness on the Heights," and its setting is not as solid as that of "Troteras y danzaderas."

W. L. Fichter

Wilberforce

Wilberforce: A Narrative. By R. Coupland. Oxford University Press. $5.

MR. COUPLAND has written an interesting biography of one of the two outstanding Evangelical leaders. Wilberforce was the best-known English crusader for the Negro, while Lord Shaftesbury was a keen fighter for the working classes. It is a happy coincidence that a life of Shaftesbury by Mr. and Mrs. Hammond has appeared simultaneously with that of Wilberforce. The earlier five-volume "Life of Wilberforce" (1838) by his sons is a fine collection of material rather than a biography. The piety of the reformer is stressed until it wearies the reader. Mr. Coupland handles this subject in harmony with modern taste and creates a very human character.

Wilberforce holds an important place as a defender of the Evangelical creed. In 1797 he stated his religious convictions in "A Practical View of the Prevailing Religious System of Professed Christians in the Higher and Middle Classes of the Country Contrasted with Real Christianity." This book passed through many editions on both sides of the Atlantic. He hoped that the Younger Pitt might fulfil his ideal of a Christian statesman and govern England by "principle" rather than by "influence." Mr. Coupland's comment is: "It was not the least of Wilberforce's tributes to Pitt's greatness to conceive him thus, if once his eyes had been opened to the truth, initiating and directing that one experiment in aristocracy which mankind has never cared or dared to try—a government of saints—and bringing down to English earth the incredible dream of a Christian state."

Wilberforce was not wholly absorbed in the Negro. During forty years in Parliament, in the age of Fox, Burke, Pitt, and

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Canning, he was active in many contests. He opposed the war with France in 1793; he turned the scales against Pitt's colleague, Lord Melville, in 1806, when the latter was impeached for grafting. He promoted missionary enterprises, worked for parliamentary reform and the amelioration of the penal code, and defended religious toleration. Under his leadership the abolition party became so powerful that Castlereagh, Wellington, and Canning did its bidding. His career suggests a study of the influence of humanitarianism in international diplomacy. Statesmen have not always obeyed and followed the wishes of investors, nor have they always been the instruments of economic imperialism.

Mr. Coupland admits that he has no new material to offer. Anti-slavery literature was scattered broadcast over England and America by letters, pamphlets, and parliamentary documents, and the pertinent manuscript material was used by the sons in the "Life." But he has written a standard biography. His narrative shows insight, gives excellent interpretations, and makes the stories of conferences and debates exceedingly vivid. Mistakes are few. On page 82 he gives the impression that Judge Mansfield wished the Somerset Case (1772) decided as a test case. On the contrary, Mansfield repeatedly urged a settlement out of court because he was reluctant to free 14,000 or 15,000 valuable slaves in England by judicial decision. No detailed account is given of the development of humanitarian sentiment during the eighteenth century, which made an attack on the slave trade inevitable. And the account of the emancipation struggle from 1823 to 1833 is necessarily brief, because this victory was won, not by Wilberforce, although he played a part, but by Buxton, the Stephens family, and Zachary Macaulay.

This study should be of much value to Americans. Wilberforce was a forerunner of our own anti-slavery leaders. William Lloyd Garrison was in England, counseling with the English leaders, when emancipation was voted in 1833, and he later visited that country several times. During the first visit he had two long conferences with Wilberforce just before the latter's death. Afterwards he joined in the memorable funeral procession as the triumphant anti-slavery leaders carried Wilberforce's body into Westminster Abbey. Harriet Beecher Stowe crossed the Atlantic also, and at her request Sir George Stephen wrote his "Antislavery Recollections." The libraries of American anti-slavery leaders, including Charles Sumner, were filled with English anti-slavery literature. Garrison underlined his copies of *The Anti-slavery Reporter* and covered the pages with marginal notes. Since neither a cotton nor a coffee kingdom grew up within the British Empire to replace the decaying sugar colonies, it was easy for the British to look upon slavery as wrong and unprofitable, and they championed the Negro cause in both hemispheres. As is well known, anti-slavery sentiment was strong enough to help keep England neutral during our Civil War, and so contributed to the preservation of the Union. A big share of this credit belongs to William Wilberforce.

FRANK J. KLINGBERG

Europe for Children

Ports and Happy Places. By Cornelia Stratton Parker. Boni and Liveright. $3.

MRS. PARKER has written a charmingly informal and very companionable travel book. It tells the story of her own two years in Europe with her children, and there is at least one want that such a book supplies. The innumerable parents who would like to give their children the advantages of travel and a grounding in foreign languages without interference with their normal development will find Mrs. Parker's report immensely valuable.

Mrs. Parker's travels took her from the beaten track not so much, apparently, because of any clearly formed intention of avoiding it as because she sought quiet and attractive backwaters where the education of her children could continue in its proper course. It was in this way that she came to live for a year in an enchanted cloister in the comparatively little-known Swiss town of Stein am Rhein while her sons went to school in the Swiss Landerziehungsheim of Glarisegg on Lake Constance. Mrs. Parker is probably the first American writer to give an adequate and untechnical account of these new schools, and this is in itself an important contribution. The greater part of the book is taken up, however, with accounts of vacation journeys: a five-weeks' walking trip through Germany with two boys and three rucksacks, winter sports in the Alps, a spring vacation in southern Spain and Algiers, and another in a fishing village of the Italian Riviera. On all these trips Mrs. Parker and her children managed to combine the seeing of sights ancient and modern—the "advantages" so dear to parents and so deadly, frequently, to their offspring—with a maximum of play and adventure, of fun and fellowship. From the point of view of the young Parkers there is every reason to believe that the undertaking was a success.

MARTHA GRUENING

Rockwell Kent in the South

Voyaging. By Rockwell Kent. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $7.50.

ROCKWELL KENT'S amazing adventure was undertaken, by his own confession, on the chance of being "wrecked, drowned, or eaten." As it developed, the angry seas did their best to make merry hell for him but the cannibals failed dismally. They strangely preferred Huyler's chocolate to human flesh. Thrills enough remain, however, to make up for the recusancy of the anthropophagi.

In brief summary, "Voyaging" is an account of Mr. Kent's attempt in a tiny sailboat to steer a course from the Strait of Magellan south and west through the mountainous-islanded channels of Tierra del Fuego around Cape Horn. His mate in this mad enterprise was one Ole Ytterock, a thick-skulled Norwegian sailor with the blood of the ancient sea-rovers roaring in his veins. The twain, after rigging out a twenty-six-foot lifeboat with mast and sail and storing her with various provisions and necessities including Mr. Kent's art materials, a silver flute, and a broken phonograph, weigh anchor. On the first day they narrowly escape foundering. Thereafter their lives are in constant jeopardy. Escaping squalls and treacherous reefs in Admiralty Sound, they finally reach Bahia Blanca, where they are wind-bound for weeks. At last, realizing the impossibility of beating out of Gabriel Channel southward toward the Horn, they abandon their boat and set out on foot across Brecknock Peninsula laden with heavy packs, their destination being Beagle Channel whence they hope somehow to continue their sea journey to the Horn. Through matted virgin forest, over bog and stream, across bleak glaciers they tramp for days, arriving eventually at Ushuaia, the southernmost city of the world. In this trek they were genuine pioneers. They had found a new route across the mountains from the north to Beagle Channel.

Here at Ushuaia they find themselves still seventy-five miles from Cape Horn. Cape Horn itself is the southernmost point of a small rocky island-group called the Wollastons. Cape Horn Island is a desperate venture, and many days pass before they are able to borrow a boat and secure as guide a mighty otter hunter named Christopherson. They make a brave attempt, but high seas and a balky gasoline engine turn them back. They do, however, manage to catch a fleeting glimpse of Horn Island. In graphic prose Mr. Kent sketches the utter desolation of that quarter of the world known as The Sailor's Graveyard:

> After a last steep ascent of several hundred feet we reached the mountain top, and, clinging there against the storm, beheld the vast and fearful wonder of the region of Cape Horn. Through the drifting murk of the clouds appeared a wilderness of mountain peaks with the torn

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> sea gleaming at their base, stark islands with the storm's night over them or glistening with a sunshaft on their streaming sides, or veiled illusively in falling rain. And, as we looked, suddenly the darkness of a midnight closed around us, obliterating every thing but the pinnacle of rock on which we crouched for shelter.

In order to guide the reader more effectively over the trail of his wanderings Mr. Kent has inserted several useful maps of the environs of Cape Horn. These are purely utilitarian, of course; but not so his glorious drawings. As Mr. Kent is rather better known as an artist than as a writer, one expects something especially fine when he undertakes to illustrate his own book. These black-and-whites make an astonishing portfolio in themselves. Scarcely a trace remains of the earlier Blakesque manner; a profoundly personal vision has found here a simple inevitable language of its own. The drawings are instinct with subtle, reticent intimations of dark elemental powers—forms of terror and mystery that swarm in those savage far-off seas. Mr. Kent has caught the wild beauty of this ominous region—iron crags ringed with the froth of blown surf, wind-tortured trees, distant peaks incrusted with dazzling snow; but out of the very heart of this bewildering beauty emanates a sense of unseen presences appallingly, implacably hostile to man.

It must not be supposed that Mr. Kent's drawings merely ornament a text. They supplement and enhance a narrative which has not only vigor and poetical sweep but candor and quizzical humor. The characters which appear throughout the book are alive. Mr. Kent lets us into the secret of their comic infirmities without overstatement, without a trace of snobbish superiority. Whether it be the crazy cook for whom he plays the flute, or the poachers on Baily Island, he shares the odd amenities of their lives as man and brother. This leads one to a consideration of the force that molds Mr. Kent's material into a genuine work of art. He does not venture forth into the unknown in the spirit of the professional purveyor of romance—always conscious of what a dash he is going to cut with the readers back home. In fact Mr. Kent's book seems to be a beautiful by-product—a mere accident born of prodigious adventure undertaken for its own glorious sake; then as an exultant survivor he writes about it and makes pictures with a drunken delight in imaginative representment. As his stolid mate Ole Ytterock is unconscious of anything save the zestful immediacy of adventure, so, too, is Rockwell Kent. He did not write to thrill a jaded, book-glutted world, but to retain for himself in some endurable form the richness of his ardors and travailings.

GLEN MULLIN

Books in Brief

Autobiography of John Stuart Mill. Preface by John Jacob Coss. Columbia University Press. $2.50.

Autobiography by John Stuart Mill. Introduction by Harold J. Laski. Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

The appearance of two new editions of Mill's "Autobiography" is gratifying evidence of the continuity and vitality of the great tradition of liberalism. The "Autobiography," writes Mr. Laski, "paints a convincing and, I think, not unattractive picture of the way in which a body of ardent young men set out to convert a dubious nation to the acceptance of ideas which are only commonplaces now because they were occupied, with full minds and full hearts, in making them commonplaces." The Columbia University Press prints for the first time what "seems . . . the final draft intended for publication, because of the statement by Miss Helen Taylor (Mill's step-daughter), written by herself and attached to the manuscript, as follows: 'Autobiography of J. S. Mill written by himself. To be published without alterations or omissions within one year after my death. Helen Taylor.'" Examination of the passages restored, totaling about six hundred words, demonstrates the good taste of Miss Taylor in excising them, for they consist almost entirely of complimentary references to her quite as generous as those to her mother. She has also left a note contradicting Mill's statement that her father was "without the intellectual or artistic tastes which would have made him a companion" for her mother. The Oxford edition follows the old text, but is accompanied by a sympathetic and illuminating introduction by Mr. Laski which includes valuable information concerning Mill's unpublished writings and an appendix consisting of six hitherto unpublished speeches. These speeches, belonging to the period between Mill's seventeenth and twenty-third years, confirm the statements of the "Autobiography" concerning his intellectual life immediately before and after the celebrated mental crisis. The earliest, delivered in 1823, presents ideas from the common stock of the Benthamite school colorlessly and without elaboration. In that of 1825 there is more color, but no originality. Those of 1828 and 1829 reveal a freely critical intellect, adroit, fertile in illustration, and devastatingly ironical. The speeches were selected from a large number to be published soon by the Fabian Society.

America: The Great Adventure. A History from the Discovery to the Present Time. By George Philip Krapp. With Illustrations by Philip von Saltza. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

The mechanical appearance of this sumptuously printed volume suggests that the book may have been written for young people, and there is nothing in the vocabulary or the style that should cause the average American adolescent to stumble or grow fainthearted. The treatment is sufficiently mature, however, to suit the class of readers, unhappily very large, who do not care much for what they loosely refer to as the "facts" of American history, but who prefer a rapid survey, pleasantly sketched, of everything from prehistoric times to date, with emphasis upon personalities, informing excursions among things economic, and a patriotic, hopeful tone. Mr. Krapp's narrative meets very well these varying requirements, and while the historical substance of what he has to say is extremely slight and an imposing amount of what is usually thought important is left out, what remains is interesting and informing, the chapters on corn, wheat and cotton, gold, coal, and capital and labor being particularly well done. The illustrations, some in colors and some in black and white, contrast somewhat sharply with the sober character of the text.

A Strong Man's House. By Francis Neilson. Huebsch. $2.

This book, reissued now that public hysteria is supposed to be subsiding, describes terrible things intelligently. Its picture of the agony of war-time England will still be new to the great majority of readers in America who cannot believe in the reality of a knife until it cuts their own flesh, but those readers will not believe it any more than they believed Latzko or Barbusse or Sassoon. That moment in the individual's conversion to radicalism when he finds himself possessed of extreme exhilaration mixed with peace, a moment not unlike the ecstasy of religious conversion and having much in common with the ecstasy of sexual surrender, is here set forth in perfection. After their various sufferings in the war all the characters in the book on whom the author looks kindly find their way into this sweet pain, though they talk in rather longer periods than most lovers or most religious devotees, filling many pages with staggering logic out of Tolstoi and Henry George, and completely annihilating with their verbal bombardment any adherents of another order who venture to set themselves up as targets. They begin earnestly to adapt their lives to a juster dispensation and establish a stud farm for the breeding of hunters as a contribution to the cause of economic justice. They have, in fact, all the pleasurable emotions of falling in love without any of the disillusionments of married life. Every radical will recognize the blissful stage of early conversion—and its terrible optimism.

NOTE: "The Apple of the Eye," by Glenway Westcott, is published by The Dial Press and not by The Dial Publishing Company, as erroneously stated in last week's *Nation*.

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The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers its fifth annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest follow:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Monday, December 1, and not later than Wednesday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 11, 1925.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Drama

Too Much Main Street

IF any critic in a future age should happen to read the manuscript of "Close Harmony" (Gaiety Theater) he would probably be at a loss to understand why the obviously capable authors of the piece chose to burden themselves with a hero weak to the point of insignificance and with a social background dull to the point of imbecility. He would admit, as contemporary observers will be compelled to admit, that the suburban atmosphere is evoked in dense clouds and that stupid conversation is recorded with remarkable fidelity; but unless he understood fully the strange contemporary mania for the meticulous study of dulness he would marvel that playwrights hoped to lure audiences into a theater with portraits so photographically and phonographically accurate of people who would bore them to extinction in the drawing-room. Into the short space of two hours and a half the authors have managed to crowd a perfectly adequate substitute for at least a two months' visit in Suburbia. But to me, at least, such a visit would be more in the nature of a punishment than a pleasure.

Recently, it is true, the American intellectual has exhibited a passionate interest in dulness and has shown a strange inclination to consider the man who can imitate it closely as the most diverting of wits. This is merely because a temporary condition has given an adventitious interest to things which have in themselves no permanent significance. Just awakened from a complacent acceptance of provinciality and bigotry, the intellectual has been delighted to see them depicted—partly for the sake of the feeling of superiority which the spectacle produced and partly in order to assure himself that he could recognize them when he saw them. Yet only a nascent sophistication can be interested in stupidity for its own sake; the Main Street

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theme is played out. Perhaps a few years ago the limitations of the particular variety of the suburban mind which our conditions produce had not been sufficiently recognized, but today every literate person knows that neither the commuter nor the commuter's wife represents the acme of virtue or the final grace of living. Even the satisfaction which comes from the first glow of superiority has been evoked too often, and dulness has again become what it always should be—merely dull. Thus the authors of "Close Harmony" have miscalculated their time; the measure of their skill is pretty nearly the measure of the tedium which they produce. It is true that the play has received critical approval, but the critics, while speaking truly of its verisimilitude and sincerity, forget to add that it is not interesting.

The story which it tells is the story of a dull, weak man who realizes for a moment the dulness of his life and makes one futile movement to alter it, only to realize that he has settled too completely into his routine ever to change it and that he must rest content with a mild rebellion against the unimaginative tyranny of his wife. Although the restrained acting of James Spottiswood contributes some moments of gentle pathos, the story has, as we hinted before, the disadvantage of dealing with a man too inconsequential to arouse any very deep interest; and it is, besides, merely incidental to the main emphasis, which is upon the evocation of an atmosphere no longer possessing even a factitious interest. Upon this subject I speak with some heat, not because the play is bad in the way that merely incompetent plays are bad, but because the tendency which it illustrates is a tendency which seems to be leading American literature down a blind alley.

Excessive verisimilitude is the last charge which could be brought against "The Harem" (Belasco Theater), a farce by Ernest Vajda, which has been selected as a vehicle for the display of Miss Lenore Ulric's charm. The story of a wife who disguises herself with three square inches of transparent veil in order to seduce her handsome but credulous husband (William Courtenay) is almost the exact converse of "The Guardsman," and it is not so rich in the by-play of comedy types; but it is raised to an entertaining level by the lavish exploitation of the personality of the star. Throughout one whole act Miss Ulric sustains herself in her most sultrily voluptuous mood, and that is quite enough to hold the interest of a good many spectators.

The other offerings of the week contain little worthy of remark. Cosmo Hamilton's "Parasites" (Thirty-ninth Street Theater) follows the safe formula which calls for scandal tempered by moralizing and exposes the vices of the fast set for the delectation of those who regret that they never had the courage to be quite so fast. "Dawn" (Sam H. Harris Theater), a wooden play in alleged defense of the flapper, is hopelessly unreal. "Princess April" (Ambassador Theater) exploits the pleasing voice of Miss Tessa Kosta but is extraordinarily dull in both text and score.

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International Relations Section

What England Wants in the Sudan

IN her recent demands which have been accepted by Egypt, England tore up the Sudan treaties and eliminated even the shadow of Egyptian control in that region. Some of the economic factors behind that action and behind the demand for an unlimited extension of the Gezira irrigated area (hitherto limited to protect Egypt's water supply) are indicated in the following article in the 1923-1924 annual edition of the *African World* published at Cape Town:

Mr. F. Eckstein, chairman of the Sudan Plantations Syndicate, Ltd., is engaged on a work than which there is none bigger in the empire today. That work consists in bringing to fruition the aims and ambitions of his company and its subsidiary, or sister, concern, the Kassala Cotton Company. Together they are achieving in the Sudan the most gigantic cotton-growing proposition the world has ever known.

The stay-at-home individual, or even the Lancashire cotton spinner, does not realize the immensity of the proposition. Measurements of fields are not in acres or thousands of acres, but in hundreds of thousands; localities are not restricted, but extend to the north, south, and east of Khartum—along the Nile and, in the Kassala region, in the delta of the Gash River, whose waters never reach the sea but spread out, inundating fertile fields. When the Gezira and Kassala plains are in their first stage fully planted the acreage under cotton will be over 500,000 acres—to increase as time creeps on and irrigation works stride forward. The control over practically all this stupendous territory will be under the auspices of the Sudan Government, in the hands of the Sudan Plantations Syndicate, whose leading spirit is, beyond doubt, Mr. F. Eckstein himself. Compare these figures, a modest estimate ten years hence, with America, where the biggest single cotton operation held in one hand is only 15,000 acres!

So much for the size of the Sudan Plantations Syndicate's operations in the Sudan. The real significance, however, of the work they have undertaken does not lie in the colossal acreage under their control, but in the cotton they produce. Reckoning at a rough estimate three to four (no doubt more) bales of cotton to the feddan or acre, you obtain an output of empire-grown cotton that commands respect. Add to it the fact that this cotton is of the best quality available, the sort of cotton that Lancashire is most anxious to purchase for her mills, and your Sudan proposition acquires immediately a new aspect.

Moreover, economic phases of even greater import are or will be affected by the Gezira and Kassala undertakings. It is notorious that cotton growing in the States is on the decline, and has been in the memory of the past ten years. Labor is expensive or unobtainable, so much so that certain spraying operations have now already to be undertaken by aeroplane, thus greatly enhancing the cost of production per acre and the selling price of cotton per bale. These questions do not arise in the Sudan. At first it was thought by some that the question of labor would kill any cotton-growing proposition on a big scale. The Mahdi's wars, they argued, had decimated the native population, and Egyptian fellaheen, frightened by, and hating the Sudanese, could not, even if such had been the intention of the authorities, be coaxed south of Wadi Halfa. But what has happened? An era of peace and prosperity having settled on the Sudan under the British flag, the population is increasing within the country, while from without there is a continual influx of "Hansa, Fellata, and other tribes from Nigeria and other places." Obviously, therefore, the labor question may be regarded as by no means so dangerous as small-minded or short-sighted little owners in the Khartum area originally thought.

This being so, one can assume that, at no very distant date, the Sudan Plantations Syndicate will be able to market a fine quality cotton on a big and ever bigger scale at a lower cost of production than that marketed by the Americans. The effect, at first, will be small, but it will gather and grow like an avalanche, and in the end it can have but one economic result, namely, the freeing of Lancashire from serfdom to the cotton speculators of New York and the Mississippi, whose refined cotton operations cost in Lancashire industry a loss of £1,000,000 per week!

That is the meaning, the real meaning, of the work now being undertaken and rapidly pushed by the Sudan Government in happy conjunction with the Plantations Syndicate. It is imperial and not local in nature; in aspect it is vast, and the possibilities attached thereto are so immeasurable that to analyze them, or to picture an empire freed from dependence on America for one of the world's most valuable raw products, is utterly impossible. But, at any rate, viewed from this commanding angle, the digging and sowing and planting and building now being hurried on in Kassala, Makwar, Zeidab, Tokar, and elsewhere will convince us that the vision of the men who conceived this plan years ago was not that of ordinary individuals intent merely on floating humdrum concerns. They looked ahead.

Nevertheless, it must not be presumed from the foregoing that these men, these empire-builders—in the same sense, though not along the same path as Cecil Rhodes—were casting bread on the waters for an idea only.

One of the happiest features of the work of the Sudan Plantations Syndicate is that, while planning the great scheme, its board of directors, always in close touch with the Government at Khartum, were able, long before the big work was put in hand, to lay the foundations of a solid business paying very acceptable dividends. Starting in a relatively small way on a purely experimental scale in various parts of the country, they made these experiments pay, thus proving that cotton-growing in the Sudan could be made exceedingly profitable, and that, if any one syndicate or group could, by private enterprise, daring, and ability help the Government to exploit such potential territories as the Gezira, that group was the Sudan Plantations Syndicate itself. Having proved which, they *ipso facto* reaped the natural reward. Today, if we may say so, they are still on the threshold of their career; ten years hence they will be among the most powerful and influential organizations in Africa, and certainly the largest cotton-growing and marketing organization in the world.

We have not dealt here with figures and statistics. . . . Suffice it that the experimental stage is over, that by next July the minor irrigation canals for 300,000 acres will have had to be dug, that plowing will begin by next October, and that in 1925 the Makkar Dam, being constructed by the Sudan Government, will have been completed and water begin to flow down the new channels into the prepared fields. This latter work is itself stupendous, and were it not for the ceaseless energy of the company's staff on the spot it would be nigh impossible. But we can rely on its being done to time, and then will begin the real career of the syndicate. It cannot be other than successful. For, as stated, the foundations have been too well built for failure.

In conclusion, we must frankly admit that for the men at the head of the Plantations Syndicate, who nursed it from its infancy sixteen years ago, and are now looking ahead into a land of waving cotton fields, we have the very greatest admiration. Imaginative and undaunted, diplomatic and able business men, organizers and men of tireless activity, they have created, or assisted in creating, a new Sudan beside which

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ERNEST HASKELL,

a master technician, represented in this set by "Sentinels of North Creek," is perhaps the closest student of the art of etching in this county. We are extremely fortunate in having one of his latest plates, a marvel of clean line, economy of means of expression and rhythmic design. He frankly admits the debt he owes to Rembrandt and Leonardo.

PEGGY BACON,

in "The Promenade Deck" (the single dry point of the set) reveals herself as a most penetrating depicter of character. A shoe by her needle point tells the story of its wearer. There is wit and biting satire in her populous plate and a wealth of keen kindly fun.

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"Brooklyn Bridge" will inevitably offend, intrigue, startle and delight. It is a characteristic piece of work, defiant of academic standards, pulsing with desire, quivering with emotion, tragically sure and unsure at the same time. This plate is a synthesis of sensation—the artist's own and his contemporaries.

HAYES MILLER,

one of the most thoughtful and thought-provoking of American artist, contributes "Play," a study of three nudes, a woman and two children. There is a stark profundity, a serene dignity, an almost austere sincerity about Hays Miller's work that marks him as a kind of ironic modern Ryder, aloof, alone mysterious.

EDWARD HOPPER,

whose "Night Shadows" is included in this set, is a finder of beauty in the seemingly commonplace. Robustly American, he knows how to make even the supposedly hideous, gabled house of the 70's sing with design. Light (as in "Night Shadows"—perhaps his finest single plate) plays an important part in all his work.

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lover of cities, Dickens-like Chronicler of American life, also contributes a "best" plate, "The Bandit's Cave"—a Greenwich Village night scene, wherein hesitating maidens are being urged by their escort to enter the alluring door. This plate is not only a superlative example of etching, it is a rich harmony of design in characterization, in form, in depth and in feeling.

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the fields of Georgia and Alabama pale. They are carrying out, or assisting thereat, the dreams of Cromer, who, according to Mr. Eckstein, dreamed that one day railways would be constructed from Suakim to Atbara, from Khartum to El Obeid, from Atbara to Kassala; that one or two dams would be built on the Blue Nile; and that the Gezira Plain would be developed. . . .

France Sets an Example

THE treaty by which France and Switzerland agree to submit to arbitration their controversy regarding the special position of the border provinces is printed below as translated from *L'Europe Nouvelle* for November 22. Editorial comment on this action will be found on page 666 of this issue; a fuller summary of the dispute, by Robert Dell, was printed in *The Nation* for February 9, 1921.

Whereas France and Switzerland have not been able to agree upon the interpretation to be given to Article 435, paragraph 2, of the Treaty of Versailles, with its annexes, and it has been impossible by direct negotiation to reach the agreement there referred to,

The President of the French Republic and the Swiss Federal Council have resolved to resort to arbitration to define this interpretation and to settle the various questions involved in the execution of paragraph 2 of Article 435 of the Treaty of Versailles;

And, desiring to reach a contract expressing the equal will of France and of Switzerland loyally to conform to their international obligations, they have named as their plenipotentiaries:

For the President of the French Republic, M. Edouard Herriot, president of the Council of Ministers and Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Henri Fromageot, jurisconsult of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs;

For the Swiss Federal Council, M. Alphonse Dunant, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at Paris; M. Paul Logoz, professor at the University of Geneva;

Who, having communicated their full powers found in good and due form, have agreed as follows:

ARTICLE 1. It shall be the function of the Permanent Court of International Justice to say whether Article 435, paragraph 2, of the Treaty of Versailles abrogates or is intended to abrogate, between France and Switzerland, the stipulations of the protocol of the conferences of Paris of November 3, 1815, of the Treaty of Paris of November 20, 1815, of the Treaty of Turin of March 16, 1816, and of the manifesto of the court of accounts of Sardinia of September 9, 1829, relating to the customs and economic structure of the free zones of Upper Savoy and of the Pays de Gex, while taking account of all facts precedent to the Treaty of Versailles, such as the establishment of federal customs in 1849, which may be regarded by the court as pertinent.

The High Contracting Parties agree that the court, when it has completed its deliberations shall, before issuing any decree, grant to the two parties a suitable period to settle with each other the new regime for the aforesaid territories, under such conditions as they may judge opportune, as provided by Article 435, paragraph 2, of the aforesaid treaty. This period may be prolonged at the request of the two parties.

ART. 2. If no convention shall be concluded and ratified within the period set, it shall be the function of the court, by a single decree rendered in accordance with Article 58 of the statute of the court, to pronounce its decision upon the question formulated in Article 1 above, and to settle, for a period which it shall determine, and taking account of the present circumstances, all the questions involved in the application of paragraph 2 of Article 435 of the Treaty of Versailles.

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or the French custom lines, this importation cannot be settled without the consent of the two parties.

ART. 3. Each of the High Contracting Parties shall deposit with the clerk of the court, in as many copies as Article 34 of the regulations of the court prescribes:

(a) Within six months of the ratification of the present contract, its Memoir upon the question formulated in Article 1, paragraph 1, with certified and like copies of all supporting documents and papers;

(b) Within five months from the expiration of the preceding period, its Counter-Memoir, with certified and like copies of all supporting documents and papers;

(c) Within five months from the expiration of the preceding period, its Reply, with certified and like copies of all supporting documents and papers, and its Final Conclusions.

ART. 4. If the court, in accordance with Article 2, is called upon to settle all the questions involved in the execution of Article 435, paragraph 2, of the Treaty of Versailles, it will inform the parties of the proper periods within which to produce such documents, suggestions, and observations as they may wish to submit to the court in connection with such settlement, as well as to reply to it.

Furthermore, in order to facilitate the said settlement the court may be asked by one or the other party to delegate one or three of its members to undertake studies on the spot and to hear all the interested parties.

ART. 5. The present contract shall be ratified, and the ratifications shall be exchanged at Paris as soon as may be.

E. HERRIOT, HENRI FROMAGEOT, DUNANT, PAUL LOGOZ

Done in duplicate at Paris, October 30, 1924

In covering letters Messrs. Dunant and Herriot at the same time assured each other (1) that until the court made its decision they would not change the status quo on the frontiers; (2) that they had no objection to the court communicating semi-officially to both parties "all useful indications" regarding the result of its deliberations; (3) that the "present circumstances" referred to in Article 2 had the same meaning as the same words used in Article 435 of the Treaty of Versailles.

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER, *The Nation's* correspondent in Russia, has just completed a first-hand study of conditions in the Caucasian Soviet republics.

AGNES D. WARBASSE has been active for many years in the cooperative movement in this country.

W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS is well-known as lecturer, author, and editor of the *Crisis*. His article on Georgia: Invisible Empire State will appear in a forthcoming issue of *The Nation*.

IDA TREAT is an American living in Paris, who has frequently contributed to *The Nation*.

R. F. DIBBLE is the author of "Strenuous Americans" and of numerous biographical essays.

FRANK J. KLINGBERG is chairman of the department of history at the University of California.

GLEN MULLIN, artist and writer, is the author of "The Smoky Trail."

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—Further announcement on page 687—

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